THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE,
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1857.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED 1880.

Original Novelet.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY CONFESSION," "ZILLAH, THE CHILD-MEDIUM," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

The tract of land which gives its name to this story is but little known excepting among local pilots and a certain class of mariners, each of whom avoid as they would a pestilence the rocky shoals that abound in its vicinity. It lies very low, slightly shelving from the sea to a dead, monotonous level, broken at rare intervals by reaches of peaked rocks. At a distance it has a tame, barren appearance, but on a near approach, the dwarf evergreens that grow almost to the water's edge, vary the desolation of its aspect with some little display of verdure.

I call it an island. Perhaps I am wrong to do so, but custom sanctions the title. Although not entirely detached from the New Jersey coast, to which State it belongs, the long, sandy peninsula in question, is seldom alluded to under any other name. Island let it be then. A narrow neck of morass, which only in particular parts is passable, joins it to the main land. At some seasons of the year even this precarious pathway is rendered wholly insecure by the rising of the tides.

There are old legends afloat of men, who, hunted from their homes by laws which they had outraged, sought asylum in these moors, subsisting on herbs and roots, and leading lives of hopeless desperation. They say that one stormy night the tides overflowed, and ended the existence of these poor forlorn beings. At least so indicates the tradition. I believe there are standing even yet the confused masses of a wall that once constituted the refuge of these men. Beyond the meadows, on the extreme southern point which juts into the sea, was once situated a lighthouse. It was from this circumstance the island took its name. Why it should have preserved it after the lighthouse ceased to exist, is an unanswerable question; custom and habit may be supposed, however, to have occasioned the retention.

No admonitory building of the kind has been known there for years—the necessity for it being now dispensed with by the erection of one somewhat beyond the island, which is said to occupy a far better position; so much better in fact, that shipwrecks have become of rare occurrence on that immediate part of the coast.

This lighthouse stood there in solitary gloom, looking as cheerless as the expanse of water in whose destructive bosom the island lies. Notwithstanding the friendly illumination that nightly shed its warning rays from its peak, scarcely a year passed, but lives were lost, and noble ships stranded on those fatal rocks.

It is well known that, at one time, this island was the habitual resort of smugglers, who thence carried on successfully an inland communication with confederates. Some of these men who were there resident, followed, likewise, the profitable occupation of *wreckers*. Yet strange to relate, at the period of my story, nothing had transpired through which Government had caused the arrest of any of these wretches, notwithstanding the exercise of the utmost vigilance on the part of its officials. The huts scattered over the island, were generally understood to be the abodes of these lawless people and their families, who, however, attempted to conceal their actual mode of life under some little external pretensions to respectability. Their ostensible calling was fishing; but the coast singularly calculated to facilitate depredations, and to no one better than to themselves was this circumstance known.

The rough cabin standing at the base of the lighthouse, was that of its keeper; and at the epoch of which I write, one John Hallowell occupied that post. He was an old man, who had lived there with his family for a great many years. Some of his children had been born on the island, and others had died there. Whatever were the hardships of so isolated a life, he had become attached to the place, and desired no change in his prospects. Among the farmers of the interior, the uncouth humor and general integrity of John Hallowell's character, were proverbial.

It was spring at Lighthouse Island. Ice and snow had long since disappeared. Little tufts of scanty grass and sickly violets grew at the foot of the pines and hemlocks, which of themselves had but slight hold in the poor, unfruitful soil. The dangers of winter navigation were over, but the high April winds made the island bay scarcely less to be dreaded by experienced seamen, than in the season that had just departed. Again on the shore beat the frothy breakers—again the sea-gulls shrieked their hoarse cries over the island. Yet was the wild spot not unbeautiful. It bore about it that atmosphere of utter serenity and natural religion which is so peculiarly the portion of barren lands, but which is only discoverable by those happy natures who are at peace with themselves, on whom the gaunt shadow of remorse has not yet fallen. To such, wildernesses are always suggestions of tranquillity.

On the night of the 14th of April, 18—, in a cottage, sat an old man cowering over the fading embers on the hearth. He sat and listened to the tempest without—to the sound of the wind sweeping around the dull, dingy house with the mournfulness of human voices, or the savage, gusty roar of newly-rising wrath. The continuous surge of water, too, smote the air heavily, increasing and diminishing as the billows advanced and receded on the sandy beach.

Sitting alone in that dreary place, listening to the winds and waves! how they shrieked and howled! now moaning desolate sorrow into the old man's heart, now pervading his whole being with a tide of youthful and passionate vigor.

Hearing these sounds, one might have imagined them to be the cries of giants in battle.

The room was small, and the furniture of the plainest description, comprising a few chairs, a small cot-bed, and a table, which stood in the centre of the uncarpeted floor, and on which lay writing materials and two or three books. Over the mantel-shelf were grouped the three national flags of England, Italy and America, which, although draped to occupy the projection formed by the chimney, did not conceal a large and boldly-defined crayon sketch which hung among them. It was that of the head of a woman, who, no longer young, yet possessed all the attributes of youth. It was not now a handsome face, whatever it might have been once, yet was it one of those which arrest attention. So strange a combination of the aspects of genius and ambition as was in this woman's features, is very seldom encountered. The very arch of the white neck expressed character. The eyes, full and lustrous, were *fixed on vacuity, yet seemed striving* to penetrate some noble mystery lying beyond mere space—a gaze of such concentrated depths of pride as to bewilder while it appalled. One hand only was visible. It rose from the mass of heavy shadows beneath; depending from the long fingers was a minute and exquisitely executed cross.

Presently on the windows came the patter of rain, gently at first, but increasing to stormy violence.

The old man rose, lit a lamp, (for he had been sitting in the sort of twilight which came from the fire,) and was preparing to cover the embers for the night, when the door opened and a young girl entered. The draught swept to the door behind her with a clamor that awoke a dozen hungry echoes throughout the house, and extinguished the feeble flame of the newly lit lamp, leaving the room as before but duskily illuminated.

"Father Lee, is it you?"

"Yes, child. You put out my light finely. I cannot see you yet, but I will take your presence for granted since that is your voice, though they say evil sprites often deceive poor mortals by the imitation of human tones. Come in."

The girl laughed lightly, and advanced with a slow, uncertain step to the fire.

"Are you alone, father?"

"Quite alone, my dear. Sit down awhile. I will bring a chair." He did so, but she seemed not to notice it.

"How beautiful is this obscurity," she said, looking around dreamily. "Father, if I were you I should remain in the dark every evening. See! the room is filled with shadows that move over the walls like slow, rising mist."

Just then a flash of vivid lightning sent a ghastly, momentary flash through the room.

"What wild weather!" said the aged priest, piously crossing himself.

"I like it," said the girl laconically; and kneeling by the stone hearth, she heaped on fresh logs and blew the sickly coals into a blaze. As it widened and brightened, the old man looked anxiously into his companion's face; it was a close scrutiny, that would have scanned Thought itself had it been possible. For a long while neither spoke. The young girl did not seem to be aware that she was the object of such attention, but, on her own part, sat with bent head, intently regarding the fire embers, which every moment assumed new and fantastic forms—one moment revealing a troop of gallant cavaliers, in shining armor, and the next transforming their noble horses into a pack of tongue-lolling wolves, whose fierce, dilating eyes rolled from side to side.

God had made this girl very beautiful. It was a beauty exceedingly refreshing to look upon, from the perfection of its humanity. It was that of a woman who is keenly alive to all earthly emotion. The rich, ruddy glow of health on her cheeks, the almost scornful glitter of her gray eyes, the patrician ease of the whole countenance, were types of veritable womanhood. Yet she did not seem like one whom her own sex could meet harmoniously in the daily walks of life; no smaller mind than that of a noble man, despising the vexed question of equality between male and female, appreciates a large-hearted creature like this. Looking at such, one feels that they are born to conquer Fate, because no fate but that of our universal mortality may conquer them.

READING THE LETTER.

"Ruth!" at last said the priest.

The girl started and lifted her head as if just aroused from the misty abstraction of a reverie.

"Well, Father?"

"Why so sad, child?"

"I? Sad! How strange a thought. Sad! Why, I am *never* sad." She leaned back and gave utterance to a prolonged but soft peal of laughter. The quick ear of the old man detected at once the slight accent of insincerity which characterized this merriment. He eyed her uneasily, as though undecided whether to speak or hold his peace.

"My child," he said finally, "you make a bad dissembler. Do you think such false, forced mirth is meaningless? To me, at least, it *is not*. I have not known you all your life to *be now unable to read aright the outward revelations* of the different moods through which a character like yours must inevitably pass. It pains me to see you sorrowful, but more than all to know that you are striving for the *concealment* of your sorrow. I am an old man, and you may trust me that I speak the truth of experience, when I say that it is a dangerous period in life when a healthy, open nature nurses grief in secret."

"Which I do not," she said half proudly, yet bending to conceal the flush that mounted to her temples.

"Once," continued the priest sadly, "Father Lee was confidant and adviser, but perhaps he is not now worthy of confidence. He is growing past the age which sympathises with the young."

"If I have nothing to confide, Father—" said Ruth, kindly but hesitatingly.

"And if you are not unhappy," interrupted the priest, dryly.

"If I have nothing to confide, and, as you say, am not at all unhappy, what can I do? Surely it is not worth while to trouble a friend with the petty, every-day details of a commonplace life." She pronounced the last words with an unconscious bitterness that did not escape the observation of her companion.

"Discontented!" he ejaculated quietly, smiling and shaking his head. "I knew it must out at last, even involuntarily as it has. My little Ruth is discontented; she is fatigued with her peaceful, uneventful days; she wearies of tranquillity; she thirsts for something, she knows not what, to lend variety to Lighthouse Island. Is it so?"

Significant silence was the only answer. Too proud to prevaricate, the young creature crouched still lower over the fire and seemed to wish to avoid the keen eyes that were upon her.

"Ah, Ruth, Ruth, never tell me that woman is happy who walks abroad at night, and in a wild storm like this! See, your dress is wet with the rain, and the curl has entirely left your hair." He smoothed the moistened locks as caressingly as if they were those of a child. "Do you think I have not heard you walking up and down the lighthouse limits for the last hour? Do you think I did not hear you cautiously enter by the door next my own when the rain began to fall? I am not one to let my lamb go shepherdless. I watch her night and day, that when I can I may guard her from mischance. What if Will Barnes and his smuggling brethren had carried you off and none ever saw you again—eh, Ruth?"

She laughed scornfully.

"Will Barnes will never touch me to injure me," she said. "If I were wrong to go out I am sorry, but that is not to say I may not be tempted to sin in the same way again. There is no other thing that gives me such pleasure. These high night winds are like so much stimulus. I only really live in listening to them. I cannot promise to debar myself from the source of so much enjoyment, which, eccentric as it may be, is yet innocent."

"My child," said the priest, in a tone of compassion, "this singular inclination should be overcome. No good can accrue from it. Its very delights are not real; they are but wild, nervous imitations of the genuine emotion. I shall be grieved indeed to find you acquiring, as a consequence, a restless, morbid sadness of temperament. Trust me, it is wiser to bring these night rambles to a conclusion, and immediately."

"Which I suppose you will contrive to effect by appealing to my father," she said coldly, rising as she spoke, the irritation of the moment gleaming from her eyes.

"Ruth Hallowell, what has come over you? You are not yourself. Never have I known you to utter such words before; certainly you have no reason to believe that I shall, in any way, interfere between you and your parents."

She covered her face with her hands, but removed them almost instantly, saying—

"Oh, Father, forgive me. I am so miserable I know not what I do or say. Whenever I reflect upon the dull, stagnant life that lies before me, I pass out of *myself*—I madden. I *acknowledge it—I am discontented, and I hate* myself more and more, day by day, for yielding to such weakness."

"Ruth," said the priest, "how long since all this began?"

"Months," she answered, endeavoring to repress her sobs. "It has grown and strengthened a long, oh! so long a time. Something has come to me that makes me weary of the unbroken solitude of this barren, cheerless island. I see no one; I hear of nothing; I live within myself, learning every hour, every minute, to curse my existence. Even the roar of the ocean is growing hateful to me!"

She cast a brief, passionate gesture towards the adjacent shore, that gave her the air of a priestess. There was something terrifying in the terror of both gesture and words. Her companion looked at her wistfully, but spoke not.

"Father," continued the girl, calming, "you know now my miserable secret; tell me, if you can, what it is I need. Is it mere variety in one's days that keeps one from preying on one's self—one's intellect from devouring its own strength? I cannot tell—I am lost—bewildered; I know not how to define my want. I am hungering for something for which my nature calls instinctively. When I look back upon my past life, I cannot but imagine that it has been wrongly employed, so far at least as it qualifies me for my probable future. What had I, a poor girl, the daughter of a humble lighthouse-keeper, to do with books or learning? What had I to do with the histories of all the great minds gone before me; I, who am to walk through the lowest paths in this world, with my eyes averted from everything good and noble? I, who shall live and die in obscurity? I, whose highest ambition should be to marry some stolid New Jersey farmer, and ride to church in my husband's hay-cart?"

She ended with a ringing, involuntary laugh, though tears of vexation were in her eyes.

"Heaven forbid!" said the venerable priest, smiling. "When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise—eh, Ruth? Shall we adopt that as our motto? Shall we give up our daily studies in this little nookery, and, because we may not grasp the whole world, refuse to accept that portion of it which kind fortune places within our reach?"

"But, father, there is fitness in all things. Sometimes I am afraid I think myself placed by my education above my condition, and certainly I am disqualified for the sphere in which I was born by the very thought.

"My child," began the good priest, but before he could say more, a loud, shrill voice from without called:

"Ruth! Ruth!"

The girl sprang up and opened the door.

"Well, mother?"

"Set right to work and toe off them gray wool socks for Jem. He'll want 'em in the mornin'. And don't let the grass grow under your feet, neither."

"I will come at once. Good-night, Father Lee. Do not allow my wilfulness to disturb your sleep."

"Good-night, my dear. And do not let a vision of prospective hay-carts interrupt your own."

She laughed and went away.

CHAPTER II.

Ruth Hallowell was a strange girl. Everybody said so. And everybody believed it. Of her beauty, no one, from her childhood, had ever entertained a doubt. Her coarse home, the contrast she presented to the rest of her family, the very poverty of her faded, ill-fitting clothing, only enhanced the more this wonderful, wonderful beauty. It was like a star, shining in magnificent solitude from stormy skies.

Ruth was no dainty, selfish creature, living solely for her own happiness. She knew, with fierce, triumphant satisfaction, that she was beautiful, yet she shrank from no labor, however servile, no duty, however humble, caring little how much her soul abhorred the task.—The Hallowells were very poor. It was no unusual sight to see the girl gathering driftwood among the rocks on the shore, and afterwards bearing uncomplainingly home the wet faggots on her shoulders. Ruth felt that she was proud; therefore she took a strange but intense pleasure in humiliating herself to the level of those around her by such labor. Perhaps this was self-deception, and her spirit may have soared only the higher for such affectations of abasement.

With the wreckers, bold and hardened as they were, Ruth had unlimited power. Among them she was regarded as a princess, to whom homage was done by birthright. A word, a gesture, nay a look from her wild eyes was regarded as law by them, who knew no laws. This influence had not grown up in a night. It had been years gathering and strengthening. Little words of pity, little deeds of kindness, these were the secrets of Ruth's power. If *there were sickness in one of* these men's wretched families, who was it divined the fact, and, like an angel of light, came to proffer aid? who but Ruth Hallowell? If there were trouble or sorrow among these people, what consolation was to them like that of this young girl? None, none! Her beauty took a supreme, unearthly splendor in the eyes of these savage men. Sinful as they were, debased as were their lives, many of them would have averted evil from the destiny of their benefactress almost at the price of all they held precious to themselves.

It was as I have said, an awful night. The winds beat, the rain descended, and thunder gave its giant voice to aid the tempestuous confusion. All day the skies had been heavy with prognostication of an impending storm. As far as eye could reach, the dark masses of cloud presented but one threatening, unbroken surface, unvaried anywhere by those jagged outlines that sometimes precede dispersion. That morning John Hallowell had said to Ruth, as he scanned the waters through his telescope,

"We shall have a storm to-night, lass, that will beat all the storms in your recollection."

Never was prophecy more true.

Towards dusk there came a deceitful lull. The winds died away; the glorious crimson of the sunset burst a moment from the environing clouds, and lit with departing brilliancy the mountain tops, winding inland from the Jersey shore. But this gleam of sunshine and clear weather came and went. The heavens closed again, the wind arose in redoubled violence, the furious sea threw its white breakers on the beach. And when the night set in, there came, as we have seen, a great tempest.

The large square kitchen in the lighthouse cabin, was the general sitting-room of the family. It was neither dark nor gloomy, though one might easily touch the ceiling by simply extending the hand slightly above the head. It had the advantage of four great windows, which, admitting freely both light and air, likewise commanded an uninterrupted view of the sea, the blue New Jersey coast, and its chain of hills rising and falling in forms of graceful undulation, crowned regally here and there with rugged, gigantic peaks of rocks. Against the sky, on sunshiny days, these rocks stood in bold, presumptuous relief, that someway gave the idea of pride and fearlessness. One could scarcely look at them without feeling a new and inexplicable sense of courage and daring. Perhaps the character of Ruth Hallowell had been affected somewhat by this feature of the mountain scenery, but she was by nature, a brave woman, and circumstances could only augment this tendency.

As Ruth Hallowell entered the kitchen in obedience to her mother's summons, she glanced hastily around as though half expecting, yet dreading to encounter some visitor; but seeing no one but her mother, she sat down to her knitting with a sigh of weariness, which was only half repressed, bending her head in a sort of proud submission, as her fingers plied the glittering steel needles. Her thoughts were far away in the beautiful European countries, whose classic ground she had traversed a thousand times before in imagination. Soon her hands drooped, faltered, and, lost in a tranquil reverie, the knitting sank on her knees—forgotten!

"Ruth!" cried her mother, sharply, from her station at a spinning-wheel which stood in the opposite corner; "Ruth!"

Ruth started, colored, and resumed her task.

"That's the way with Ruth," said her brother Jem, from his arm chair before the capacious fire-place, sleepily thrusting, as he spoke, his hands in his pockets, "she's always thinking of other things than her work."

At these words the color again mantled the girl's cheek. She raised her gray eyes quickly, darted a glance at her indolent yawning brother, then abandoning the temptation to retort, cast them down again with an air of resignation not unmixed with giant contempt. The dull, droning noise of thrifty Mrs. Hallowell's wheel was all that broke the silence. After a while, Ruth rose, and went to one of the windows. Without all was storm and wind. She looked into the wild, black night, noting the rush of the swollen billows, the gloominess of the skies, and came back again, sighing, to her seat.

In one corner of the room sat or rather reclined old John Hallowell. His advanced age had not yet brought infirmity. His benign yet droll cast of countenance spoke of good humor and a kind heart, to which the twinkle of his eyes still farther attested. In his hand he held a letter. He was not reading, but it was not difficult to perceive from the brief but perplexed glances he cast upon this document that it was the unconscious cause of much mental anxiety. Occasionally he looked in a hasty, furtive manner at his daughter, as she sat there in the dim light by his peaceful fire-side, knitting. He moved listlessly in his seat as though words trembled on his lips which he dared not utter.

"Children," at last he said, "are you all here?" Looking around he saw the three faces of his sons and daughter, then, seemingly astonished at his own boldness, he was silent, looking steadfastly on the fire, and uneasily twirling the letter in his hands.

"Well, father?" said Nicholas, the eldest son interrogatingly.

"Why don't you out with it like a man?" suddenly cried Mrs. Hallowell; "one would think you was afeerd of your own voice, to say nothing of your shadder. 'Fore I'd be as fidgetty—"

"My dear," said John Hallowell blandly, "I was born so," and he drew vigorously at his pipe, and was mute once more. "Boys—Ruth," he said at length, sending a column of smoke up to the very ceiling, "what should you think if I was to tell you your sister Sonora was comin' back, eh?"

"Sonora!" repeated Ruth, dropping her knitting again.

"Sonora?" cried James and Nicholas, simultaneously.

"Ay, Sonora," echoed the old man, nodding. "Leavin' her fine friends, luxury, money, everything for us and the lighthouse? What do you think of that?"

His tone was that of triumph and exultant paternal affection; nevertheless, the perplexed expression did not for one instant leave his weather-beaten face.

"Coming back," said Ruth, musingly, "coming back?"

"Ay, lass, just so, coming back."

"And full of airs and notions, I'll be bound," quoth Jem, sulkily. Sonora had never been one of his favorites. He had still a very distinct recollection of the spirited determination with which the child had always defended herself from fraternal despotism.

"Well," began Mr. Hallowell, slowly, "that is what I was afeered of. Sonora must have been spoiled for such as us long ago. Couldn't be avoided, no ways. Pretty girl, bright—all that—plenty to tell her so—no doubt she will be discontented herself, besides makin' our Ruth discontented, too."

"Oh, father!" cried Ruth, eagerly, "do not think so, do not say so. Never by word or deed shall you see that I repine against my lot. Let her come—oh, let her come!"

"Don't see but what I shall be obleeged to," he said, going to her, and pinching her cheek. "The girl writes that she won't live with them Ahrenfeldts no longer, that they haven't done right by her, and such like, that she hasn't a place to turn to, and that she wants to come here to stay."

"I reckon," said Nicholas, dryly, "she's been away so long she forgets what the island is, or she wouldn't be thinking of such a thing. That's my opinion."

"Nicholas," said his mother, with a face of prim rebuke, "when I was of your age, I would not have dared to speak to my elders in that way."

"You don't say so," indistinctly mumbled Nicholas; "well, I always thought the old style was very queer."

"Let me see," said Mr. Hallowell, counting on his fingers; "mother, how long is it since Ora went away?"

"Seven years," was his wife's prompt answer, "and the child was then only twelve."

"And to think the little lamb has not forgotten us in all that time. Well, I'll see about it. Perhaps—who knows—I may take a trip to New York to-morrow, and be back in a day or two with the child herself."

Ruth's eyes sparkled. Her drooped spirits revived at such a future; already her imagination went forth, peopling it with all the delights drawn from kindred tastes, and the association of her own mind, hungry for appreciation with that of another, and one better endowed with intellectual culture. What a long vista of happiness lay stretched out before the young girl's longing eyes! She stood there looking like a picture of Hope by one of the

imaginative Old Masters. Her color came and went; her eyes, brilliant with the light of expectation, yet in perfect repose, resting on her old father's homely, furrowed face.

"Father," she said joyously, "how pleasant all that will be—to have Sonora to share, as she did years ago, my room, my bed, and my study hours with Father Lee."

"Yes, and your work too," said Nicholas, sneeringly; "we're very anxious to have sister Sonora back again, aren't we?"

The light faded from the girl's eyes; the old, weary listlessness returned to the beautiful face, as, suddenly and silently, it bent anew over the knitting.

Hungry for appreciation—yes, that was it!

Just then a bolder, more vivid flash of lightning fell, ghastly and shuddering, across the window panes, followed by peal upon peal of thunder.

"Powers of Mercy!" cried the lighthouse-keeper, "what a night! Boys, I am glad we got the boats ready this afternoon, for, sure as I live, they will be needed. The last thing 'fore dusk I saw two ships in the offing, and if they didn't get away they will be stranded on the rocks. Nicholas, we must light the lanterns and go down to the beach. It can't do no harm to look around a bit."

The old man rose and prepared himself to encounter the fury of the gale, his wife aiding him to don his heavy overcoat with an unfeigned, anxious solicitude. Under pretence of smoothing down the long ear-flaps of his cap, she said, in a low, concerned tone—

"What about Jem? Do you think the wreckers will be abroad to-night?"

"Yes," he answered in the same voice. "Keep a look-out on the lad, and as you value your soul, don't let him go from your sight. These things will be the ruin of him. There! what is that? A gun, by all that's holy! Nicholas, Nicholas, make haste! Jem, your brother and I will see to the boats; do you stay and take care of your mother and Ruth. Don't quit 'em—mind that—something might happen to them or the Light," and with his last words rendered almost inaudible by the great body of wind which rushed in the kitchen as he opened the door, he went out into the darkness, followed almost immediately by his eldest son, Nicholas, a young man of about twenty-three, whose glittering eyes told that the excitement of the storm was by no means a disagreeable novelty.

"There—there it is again!" said Mrs. Hallowell. "A ship in distress!"

Through a lull in the tempest sounded indeed the boom of guns—not one, but many, and in rapid succession.

"The rocks! the rocks! they are on the rocks! they are wrecking!" cried Ruth, turning away pale. Shuddering, she sat down, covering her face. Jem meanwhile was sulkily moping by the fire. It was evident the boy longed to be abroad, and that the restraint imposed on him by his father was very galling to his adventurous spirit. He was a tall, well made youth of about eighteen, with a countenance which, if it had a portion of his sister's beauty, possessed none of its purity of expression. There was something almost sinister in the gleam of his dark eye and the curl of his full, well defined mouth. The brow, large and broad, would have been an intellectual one, if it were not strongly indicative of viciousness. Character and determination were everywhere visible on his features, which were deeply embrowned by the sun, and very remarkable for their appearance of perfect health.

Shortly after the departure of Mr. Hallowell and Nicholas, Mrs. Hallowell went up stairs, leaving the brother and sister alone together. There was little congeniality between these two. Each was, perhaps, conscious of this; the boy particularly was instinctively aware of his sister's superiority to himself, and it was this that bred hostility between them.

"Jem," said Ruth, in her kindest tone, for she knew why the boy suffered—"Jem, I know it is very hard for you. I know you wish to be out with the rest, and it is natural you should, but father is the best judge, and so—"

"It is cruel of him," suddenly interrupted the boy with anger. "He lets Nicholas go and keeps me here like a child. Ruth, I am all but a man—I'll not be treated so—no, by the powers! As if I wasn't to be trusted! We shall see who shall be master."

"Oh, Jem!"

"I don't care; why should I? I'll go; I must go; I am under a promise."

"Yes," said his sister bitterly, "I know it. It is to Will Barnes! Oh, Jem, would you bring disgrace upon us? Would you send father in sorrow to his grave?"

"Fiddlestick!" was Jem's cool rejoinder. "I didn't say nothing about Will Barnes, did I? And even if I did promise him, what then? Any harm done? Isn't he as good as any of the rest of us, body and soul too—eh?"

There was a low tap at one of the windows. The boy started slightly, and half involuntarily rose to open the door.

"Stop," said Ruth in a tone of command, "you must not go. It is he, I am sure. He has seen father and Nicholas go out and he has come for you. Stay where you are." And raising the latch herself, the girl looked anxiously about, striving to penetrate the darkness. No one was to be seen.

"Will," she called, "Will Barnes, is it you? Will?" No answer. "Jem," she said, "he knows my voice; he will not come. Do you call."

"I'll not," said Jem doggedly, "you'll be jawing him, I know, if I do."

"*Call!*" said his sister, in a voice that was almost hoarse with determination.

The boy obeyed, and in a moment, approaching through the gloom, appeared the figure of a man.

"Will?" said the girl inquiringly. The man started on recognizing her, and would have turned to go away, but she caught his hand.

"Come in," she cried, and it seemed, from his cowed, confused manner, as though he feared to face the sister of him whom he would have led into error.

"Will Barnes," said Ruth sternly, "why do you come here on such a night as this?"

The wrecker fumbled with his cap, cast down his eyes, and was silent. It was always so with Ruth Hallowell. The boldest man of any on Lighthouse Island shrank intuitively from collision with her, because her iron will, her indomitable defiance of all consequences to herself, when her fearless reproofs smote a trifle too deeply in the right places, excited at once their wonder and their awe.

"Don't know, miss. 'Spect I came 'cause I wanted to."

"And because you promised Jem, or Jem had promised you, I do not know which, to be down on the beach to-night together, for what purpose I can only conjecture, but which I fear is not a good one. Will, I wish you to answer me candidly, has my father ever done you any harm?"

"No, miss, surely not, miss."

"Have I, or any of us?"

"No, miss."

"Then why are you here, seeking to do harm to us? Jem is but a young lad as yet, and not capable of judging rightly for himself. I desire you to give me a solemn vow that you will in future avoid contact with him, and that you will never, under any circumstances, inveigle him into joining your expeditions. Do you understand me?"

She looked like a queen uttering a royal behest. Her "I desire" had all the vigor, and quiet, but supreme regality of an "I command."

"Yes, miss," said Will humbly, "I promise you, miss; and I shouldn't have been here now, but the boy teazed, and so I couldn't but humor him."

"It's a lie!" cried Jem, now for the first time speaking, "and you know it, too. Didn't you offer me part of the gettings and—" The boy caught the man's warning gesture in time, and broke off abruptly.

"And what?" asked Ruth, with a composure she was far from experiencing.

"Nothing."

"You will not tell me; but never mind that at present. Will, you may go now. Always try to recollect your promise to me—you may be sure that I shall never forget it."

The wrecker made a rude bow and departed, as though relieved at being able to quit the place.

Ruth turned then with a sad face to where her young brother still sat.

"Jem," she said, "I am older than you, and for that reason have some right to overlook your ways. I thank God that I am able to do so; but I do not wish you to fear or dread me. You are my brother—oh, never be less! Be satisfied that I shall not mention to any one this affair of Will Barnes, if only you, yourself, make it unnecessary by not engaging again in any adventure of the kind. Will you, too, promise?"

"Cuss it, Ruth, no! Do you think me a fool. Tell and be hanged to you!" and with this affectionate injunction still fresh on his lips, he closed the door after him with loud, wrathful violence.

The young girl sat in the deserted kitchen and listened to the boy's heavy tread on the stone stairs that led to the sleeping chambers above, then casting herself on a rug before the fire, counted with a heavy heart the signal guns that still at intervals boomed over the island.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PAIN IN SUMMER.

In my nostrils the summer wind
Blows the delicate scent of the rose!
Oh, for the golden, golden wind,
Breaking the buds as it goes.
Breaking the buds and bending the grass,
And spilling the scent of the rose!

Oh, wind of the summer morn,
Tearing the petals in twain,
Wafting the fragrant soul
Of the rose through valley and plain,
I would you could tear my heart to-day,
And scatter its nameless pain.

☞ LIGHT LAND AND LIGHT CROPS.—An auctioneer was selling a lot of land for agricultural purposes—"Gentlemen," said he, "this is the most delightful land. It is the easiest land to cultivate—it is so light—so very light. Mr. Parker, here, will corroborate my statement—he owns the next patch, and he will tell you how easy it is worked." "Yes, gentlemen," said Mr. Parker, "it is very easy to work, but it is a plaguy sight easier to gather the crops."

☞ A PRECOCIOUS URCHIN.—"Pa! is it when these newspaper folks are going to tell a side-splitting story, that they say 'joking aside?'" "Wife, you'd better put this young 'un to bed; he's been out of doors again, studying them 'ere telegraphs!"

☞ An old gentleman wishing to be at his ease on horseback, took his horse to a riding-master to be taught to amble. Two or three trials were made upon the animal with but partial success. "Zounds, sir, do you call this an amble?" said the owner. "No, sir," replied the equestrian, "I call it a pre-amble."

☞ "A child is eager to have any toy he sees, but throws it away at the sight of another, and is equally eager to have *that*. We are most of us *children* through life, and only change one *toy* for another from the cradle to the grave."

☞ Of the Spanish books, says Montesquieu, the only one good for anything is that which was written to show that all the rest were good for nothing.

☞ Valerius used to say, he learned more from *borrowed* books than his own, because, not having the same opportunity of reviewing them, he read them with more care.

☞ Many persons spend so much time in criticising and disputing about the Gospel, that they have none left for *practising it*. As if two sick men should quarrel about the phraseology of their physician's prescription, and forget to take the medicine.

☞ The word "disease," though now used to denote malady or distemper, was formerly used to express pain, or the absence of ease, which is, manifestly, its primitive meaning.

☞ Douglas Jerrold being a very nervous man, usually suffered torments of apprehension on the first representation of any of his pieces. A brother dramatist—remarkable for his successful specimens of "fair adaptation or imitation" from the French—on one such occasion sought to rally the trembling scribe by stating that he himself never felt any nervousness on the first production of his own pieces. "Oh, my boy," said Douglas, "but then you are always so sure of success! Your pieces have all been tried before!"

☞ "What do you ask for this article?" said Obadiah to a modest young miss in a shop. "Fifteen shillings, sir—it is a superb article." "You are a *little dear*, are you not?" said Obadiah. "Why, all the young men tell me so," she replied, dropping her eyes and blushing. Obadiah came straight away.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are *preferred*. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND.) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following NOVELET, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

The following—WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH ENGRAVINGS—will be published in due season:—

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the POST, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY,

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to our original novelets, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PEARLS IN MUSCLES. In answer to the friend who sends inquiries upon this subject, we can do little more than refer to the articles already published on the subject in THE POST—probably after his letter was penned. The pearls are found—"lying loose," if we are not mistaken—in the common muscle. They are the genuine article—and valuable in proportion to their size and beauty. As to hunting for them, it will pay according to the luck of the finder. It has been computed that the average luck of the pearl-finders, so far, has been about equal to that of an average fisherman.

Respectfully declined:—"The Death-Bed," "Electioneering for Office."

Z. Z. Z. Sturgeon Bay. Two packets of MS. received.

FILING PAPERS.—A good way is to have a string attached to the top and bottom, reaching down the middle, of a set of pasteboard covers, and to slip the papers under the string, which keeps them in their place.

THE WAR OF PEACE.

What we briefly said last week about the war of peace finds an apt illustration in the subject matter of certain articles which we notice in a recent number of the *Mining Chronicle*, relative to the forging of the brands and trade-marks of the best American tools and iron, upon some worthless trash of English manufacturers. Among the cases mentioned are those of certain Birmingham and Sheffield houses, recently convicted before the Vice Chancellor's Court in London, at the suit of the Collins Axe Company of Hartford, Conn., on a charge of having forged, upon edge-tools of their manufacture, the marks and labels of the Collins firm. The most serious instances, however, are those which relate to the making of rotten boiler-iron, and illegally stamping it with the names of respectable American manufacturers. The worthless boiler-plate is made, it is said, in Great Britain, stamped with the name of some well-known American house, sent here, and made up into boilers for steamboats, mills, &c., by American makers, who must often well know its worthlessness as a reliable material, and must also, in many cases, be fully cognizant of the fraud that has been perpetrated in the matter of the labels and trade-marks, but who seem willing to overlook everything for the sake of the gain acquired in the saving of the difference of price between the good American iron and the good-for-nothing English, which difference amounts to about one cent and three-quarters in the pound. The *Chronicle* states that it has for more than a year kept a record of all the explosions in this country, and has ascertained, after impartial investigation, that in every case on record, the boilers were of English iron—either authentically English, or English with a forged American signature. Attention is called to the recent instance of the explosion of a boiler at Paterson, N. J., where the iron was found to be of English manufacture, with the signature of a Pennsylvania manufacturer forged upon it. It is also asserted that a favorite English brand of 3-8 inch boiler-plate—Thornycroft's—warranted to bear 20 pounds pressure to the square inch, has been proved to have exploded at a pressure of only 16 pounds.

Making all proper allowance for any supposable interested bias the views of the *Chronicle* may, possibly, have received, and reasoning only from the obvious facts in the foregoing statements, we can see clearly enough that a state of peace in which such things are done, is in effect, about as baneful and hateful a condition of life, as a state of open war. Consider what complex, active, reciprocal aggression and injury must inevitably be involved in, and perpetually result from, such practices. Fix upon this case of the forged boiler-iron which recently exploded in New Jersey, and see how many of the identical effects of armed hostility are consequent upon the original fraud which underlies the affair, and which was committed so quietly in a year of social peace. War demoralizes, we are told. So it does. But think how strong and subtle is the contagion of a bad example, and then think how much power the act of a man who makes a relatively worthless article, knowing it to be such, and forges another's name upon it in order to make it pass as worthy, has to induce numbers of other people everywhere, stimulated by a similar love of gain, also to cheat, lie, forge and deceive in numerous and diverse ways, for the accomplishment of their several ends. A peace full of such sins and shames, is an incessant process of demoralization. We have no means of ascertaining how much worthless and forged boiler-iron, such as this exploded refuse in New Jersey was, finds its way into our market, and if we could believe that either sleepless vigilance or incorruptible integrity was an invariable element in the constitution of custom-house officers, we should think it impossible that any great quantity of rotten and forged boiler-plate could enter the country. But unfortunately, we cannot trust even the officials of the customs, knowing that they may, like Walpole's politicians, "have their price," or else, discharge their duties carelessly; and we should not be much surprised if investigation proved a great quantity of this brown paper boiler-plate already in our market. If this is so, it involves bribery and swindling of the most injurious nature, almost beyond remedy, and therefore actually tending to induce or compel extensive fraudulent measures and transactions as the necessary conditions of business success everywhere, since no protective tariff or statute can foil the craft of an unprincipled combination, and since most men will themselves deal dishonestly when they find honest dealing unavailing. Thus the demoralization is strengthened and broadened. Then we find the honest manufacturer virtually robbed of a certain sum per annum by the sale of forged iron purchased on his reputation. In a state of war he would know how to ward the assault of the open robber of his property, but against this underhanded rascality he fights in the dark. Then, in the degree in which the demand for his manufactures is lessened by another's fraudulent supply, his workmen, or his workmen's wages are affected, and we all know what a myriad of subtle distresses, embarrassments, misfortunes, and adverse circumstances of all kinds, must owe their source to any limitation of the opportunity to labor, or any cheapening of the laborer's service. These things, consequent upon the primary wrong-doing, the primary selfishness or sin, reach through all grades, and incense, harry, torment and impel to multiform evil, all conditions of society. Next, our knave's iron-plate, made into a boiler, explodes. Property is annihilated—more robbery; a man's boat or building is wrested from him as effectually as if confiscated by an armed enemy. Men are killed and wounded by the explosion of a metal which the rascally maker knew would some day explode. The scalding steam and flying fragments maim and slay as savagely as hostile cannon-balls or bursting shells. The wounded writhe in horrible suffering; their friends also suffer for them; and perhaps lasting injury or disfigurement accrues to the victims. The dead leave agonized widows, orphans, parents, dependents, to lives of lasting grief which sows disease—often to years of hard struggle for subsistence, sometimes want or misery. War could hardly have touched them more. Nor are the consequences of this accursed original villainy, all told here. For often the manufacturer whose name was forged on the boiler, and who will, of course, do his best to inform the public that the rotten-boiler-plate was not of his manufacture, may fail to spread that fact effectually, and may, therefore, have to endure, in some degree, more or less, censure, distrust, depreciation of his manufactures, loss of reputation,—any or all of the injurious consequences likely to follow the association of his name with the work of an irresponsible scoundrel. Thus we have society demoralized; deliberate roguery inaugurated and popularized by example and precedent; the statutory regulations and safe-guards of national trade evaded or violated; the public officers deceived or corrupted; the business of worthy manufacturers injured; labor put out of demand; the workman's wages lowered, his necessaries and comforts made in consequence more difficult of access; property violently destroyed; life and limb lost and shattered; and all the pangs and trials of widowhood, orphanage, childlessness, friendlessness, and all their concomitant sorrows, struggles, wants and privations, called into action—in order that a knave may make money by the sale of sophisticated iron!

These are but hints and glimpses at the consequences which the commission of a single kind of dishonesty by a single trader possessed by the greedy devil of gain, can bring down upon society. But to arrive at any idea of the actual, existing evil, multiply the knaveries and the traders by hundreds of thousands, and the consequences by hundreds of millions, and spread them throughout the entire circumference of civilization at home and abroad. Go down into the life of the stores and the streets, and mark, year by year, the constant acceleration of the action, and the multiplication of the modes, of this immense reciprocal rascality. Saddest of all, see how the young men who enter life all glowing with honor and with truth, first learn suspicion—that most fatal and insidious foe to the instilled or hereditary virtue—gradually lose confidence in morals and in men—insensibly receive contamination from the low natures and the mean practices with which they come in contact—and, learning to merge the aspiration for the high spiritual aims of life in the ambition for the low sensual, slowly sink into the very habits of subterfuge, chicanery, deception, falsehood, and fraud, which in their generous youth they only knew to despise.

"Why do we prate of the blessings of peace?—we have made them a curse!

"Pickpockets—each hand lusting for all that is not its own.

"And lust of gain in the spirit of Cain—is it better or worse

"Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearth-stone?"

If it is not better, it can hardly be said to be worse. When will men learn that these aggressive civil and international wars of self interest are the beginning of civil and international wars, where the motives and the feelings are the same, but the weapons change to lead and steel? When will men learn that honesty is indeed the best policy—that nothing but simple, upright, noble fair-dealing, and religious regard for what is generous and just, can make life truly sweet to themselves and others!

THE LONDON TIMES AND MRS. GASKELL.

The London *Times* has recently been considering Mrs. Gaskell's "recantation" of the statements formerly made in her memoir of Charlotte Bronte, in relation to the alleged connection of a certain woman with Branwell Bronte, and has also taken occasion to consider Mrs. Gaskell's novels, and the philosophy thereof, at the same time. Nobody who is familiar with the lofty, unselfish, humane, and enlightened style of literary criticism which the *Times* uses now and then—nobody who has read its intelligent, liberal and profound review of Charles Kingsley's "Alton Locke,," or its wonderfully acute, just, and fair estimate of the poetry of Tennyson—needs to be informed what manner of opinions has thunderously rolled (or ponderously brayed,) from its mighty organ, on the works of the author of "Ruth" and "Mary Barton." The friends and admirers of the *Times* claim that it is, in fact, the British Lion, and that its voice and views may be always regarded as the authentic voice and views of that mythical and magnificent quadruped. Our own theory has long been—and we are resolutely attached to it—that the *Times* is only a portentous and prodigious ass in the British Lion's skin, and that its voice and views may be strictly regarded as its own, and not those of the quadruped aforesaid. Its asininity is only respectable from its profound resemblance to genuine wisdom, by which many people are deluded.

Its opinions in this matter have, at any rate, met with a very favorable reception in this country in some quarters, and have been copied and endorsed by some presses which are hopelessly fascinated by the criticisms and judgments of the leading English papers and periodicals—not because they are sound criticisms and wise judgments, but because they are English—English intellect in the critical seat, having, irrespective of all other considerations, completely subjugated their fancy, and bound it, an admiring captive, to its triumphal car. Why these presses should promptly welcome an article as full of mis-statements, evasions, and palpable sophistry, as this *Times* article clearly is, we cannot settle on any other supposition than that they welcome it solely because it is the *Times'* article. Love is blind, we have heard; but we never imagined till recently that the proverb had an application to persons smitten by the charms of the leading London journals.

An idea of the exceeding inexactness of statement, and garbling of facts, noticeable in this famous article which has been so cordially and respectfully circulated, may be gathered from a brief citation of a few specimens. The writer's special object is to convince people that Mrs. Gaskell's mis-statement, as he calls it, of the closing facts in the career of Branwell Bronte, is referable to her tendency to take half-views of life, or views which agree with her theories, or class-views, and that this habit of mind or thought led her to readily believe in a statement which, though untrue, coincided with her ideas of the condition of social affairs. To sustain this line of argument, the writer insinuates and asserts that Mrs. Gaskell's books are one-sided—partizan—favorable only to "the poor, the beautiful, the young, the suffering"—and "uncharitable to the rich and middle-aged!" Every one who has read "Mary Barton," "North and South," and "Ruth," knows this to be untrue, and it is known that the success of those works with the critics, is mainly due to the fact that their fidelity to life and nature is unquestionable. Another instance of mis-statement made as a basis for argument, is the assertion that Mrs. Gaskell's statements in relation to the woman with whom Branwell Bronte's name has been connected, were made "merely for the sake of inflicting vengeance on the sinner"—that "the excuse given for the exposure is, that it might touch her heart." This also is untrue. The readers of the memoir know that Mrs. Gaskell introduced these statements solely because they comprised a dark scene in the tragedy of Charlotte Bronte's life, which could not be omitted. The story of Branwell's relation to the woman alluded to, was, whether true or not, believed by his family and the result of that relation not only caused his death, but gave a blow to the household which hastened the death of two of his sisters. How could Mrs. Gaskell, believing the tale to be true, fail to incorporate it in the memoir of which it was so important a part? True—Mrs. Gaskell does say she hopes the unavoidable recital may touch the guilty woman's heart, and aid her reclamation to virtue, but this is incidental—a remark made in passing—and all expressions of indignation which occur relative to the woman's conduct, are also only incidental to the narration of so heart-rending a tragedy.

Another prominent instance of mis-statement in the tissue of mis-statements and sophistry of which the *Times'* article is woven, occurs in an attempt to vitiate Branwell's testimony in this matter, by asserting that—

"The threats used by the daughters to their mother could only have been brought to the knowledge of the Bronte family by Branwell himself; and a man who could not only have the baseness to care for a woman guilty of such shameless indecency, but who could commit the unutterable foulness of boasting to his own sisters of having shared and caused it, would, by any person who judged by the common rules of life, be considered unworthy of credit, even if he had not drunk himself to death with laudanum."

And again—referring to Mrs. Gaskell's "Ruth:"

"If Mr. Donne had attempted to destroy Ruth's character by boasting to his friends of her seduction, he would have acted much as, according to Mrs. Gaskell's own statement, Bronte acted towards the woman whom he professed to love."

The fact is, as any one referring to the memoir will see, that there was no "boasting" at all. Branwell, after having been cast off by this woman, pours forth the story to his father and sisters in an agony of shame, remorse, and contrition. Heart-broken—unmanned—distracted—he confesses all. The laudanum-drinking, too, was subsequent, and resorted to only to stupefy his remorse and agony. But this is quite as near the truth as the *Times* can possibly come, even in a homily on its importance!

The citation of these instances of garbling and mis-statement might be multiplied, but we refrain. They only serve to show what flimsy English springes can catch foolish American woodcocks. A writer who can proceed to argue his case on such fundamental mis-statements of the premises, ought to be considered unworthy of confidence in his conclusions.

The *Times* makes a great point of the seeming fact that Mrs. Gaskell was mistaken in asserting that this woman's husband made a will containing clauses which left her his property only on condition that she should never see Branwell Bronte again. But this only proves a mistake on Mrs. Gaskell's part, and it is by no means, as the *Times* brazenly asserts, a cardinal point in her statement. That statement, it is true, she has now retracted, but the qualified and cautiously-moulded form of the retraction clearly implies that her own opinion remains unchanged, and that the retraction is only made in the absence of legal evidence. "All those statements," says her lawyer, "were made upon information, which at the time Mrs. Gaskell believed to be well-founded, but which *I*"—mark—*I*—her lawyer—"have ascertained not to be trustworthy." From the form of this document, there is no reason to infer that Mrs. Gaskell does not believe all those statements well-founded now.

It would be unfair and ungenerous to insist upon this view of the matter if Mrs. Gaskell had not been the object of so many tirades of abuse both in this country and Great Britain. The entire affair should have been dropped when the retraction was made, but since the friends of this woman, and the English High-Tory and American mocking-bird presses, have taken advantage of the peculiarity of Mrs. Gaskell's position to publicly persecute her, and weaken her influence as a teacher of truths and duties to both continents, by referring her alleged error in this matter to her general methods of observation and thought, and making the value of the one contingent upon that of the other, it is our duty to show that it is by no means proved, even by her own compelled retraction, that she has fallen into any error in this matter, and that, therefore, her character as a faithful and reliable teacher of life's relations and duties cannot be thus impeached or impaired.

As for the *Times'* assertion that only partial or distorted views of life can be given in novels, it is simply absurd. The novel can be made the vehicle of entire and perfect truth, just as well as any other form of composition. Novels often do, undoubtedly, convey incomplete or exaggerated notions of things, but then so do biographies, histories, travels, philosophies, and even the leaders of the London *Times*. It is the idea of a few nincumnoddies who are unable to distinguish between fiction and falsehood, and who think novels of necessity unreliable both for accurate statement and apt illustration, that only history, biography, etc., should be read, since only these are to be depended upon. Not to pause upon the Emperor Charles's—"Give me my liar"—when he wanted a volume of history, or Walpole's famous—"Anything but history, madam, for that *must* be lies"—let us ask these people to take up the several histories of England—Hume, Hallam, Lingard, Froude, Macauley—and to mark the serious discrepancies between them even in the statement of facts, to say nothing of their wide differences in regard to the character of men, measures, events, and the lessons they teach the world. On which of these is reliance to be placed? Then in biography—read Weems' life of Washington and then Sparks'—read Hare's life of Sterling and then Carlyle's—read any two statements of any life by two men of different views and character. Which is to be accepted? The showman's speech furnishes the only answer—"Whichever you please, ladies and gentlemen; you pay your money, and you can take your choice."

The whole matter is resolved at last into a consideration of the author's moral and mental character. The sincere and earnest writer whose aim is the inculcation of truth, will enforce his aim as well in a novel as in a history. Any work, after all, only embodies the views of its author, and those views are as subject to error, or as likely to be correct, in one kind of composition as in another. The genuine novel is only serious instruction in an interesting form, and is as essentially true, as human wit and worth can make it.

MAYNE REID'S WORKS.

Our readers will be pleased to see that "The War Trail,"—which we complete in the next number of THE POST—is already published in book form by *Mr. R. M. De Witt*, of New York. By a reference to Mr. De Witt's advertisement, they will also see that he has for sale Captain Reid's previous works—the whole of which, we believe, are marked by the same characteristics of rapid incident and daring adventure which distinguish "The War-Trail."

THE PRESS.—Col. John W. Forney has commenced a new daily paper in this city with the above title. It is Democratic in its politics. The first number, now before us, is filled with a large variety of original and selected matter. Col. Forney has the reputation of being one of our ablest journalists.

☞ An Irishman addicted to telling strange stories said he saw a man beheaded with his hands tied behind him, who directly picked up his head and put it on his shoulders in the right place. "Ha, ha, ha!" said a bystander, "how could he pick up his head when his hands were tied behind him?" "And sure what a purty fool ye are!" said Pat, "and couldn't he pick it up with his teeth? To old Nick wid yer botheration!"

☞ Who were the orthodox, and who were the true worshippers in Israel, when Elijah was left alone of the Lord's prophets, while Baal's prophets were four hundred and fifty men? No doubt public opinion pronounced the Baal party orthodox; and Elijah an infidel.

☞ Some men are zealous for truth, provided it be truth brought to light by themselves.

New Publications.

CORINNE, OR ITALY, by Madame De Stael, (Derby & Jackson, New York, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia,) is, or ought to be, well known to the reading world, which has now, at least, an opportunity of becoming acquainted with it in a good and cheap form.—The translation before us is Miss Isabel Hill's, with the fine metrical versions of the original odes by the celebrated L. E. L.—Miss Landon. It is a faithful, but somewhat cold and austere rendering of a work, which is one of the most sentimental, but also one of the most impassioned, ideal and eloquent romances ever written. The splendid colors and cadences of the diction of the original are not reproduced in this translation—perhaps for the same reason that makes it impossible to decant champagne; but here we have that range of brilliant and eloquent criticism, the glowing ideas and sentiments, and the soft, vivid pictures of the life, manners, character, society, climate, landscape, music, painting, sculpture, architecture and literature of Italy, for which "Corinne" has long been celebrated.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MISS AUSTEN, (Derby & Jackson, New York, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia,) are issued in four handsome volumes, clearly printed and well bound, including "Pride and Predjudice," "Northanger Abbey," "Sense and Sensibility," "Persuasion," "Mansfield Park," and "Emma"—all of which have been pretty extensively read in time past, and will be as extensively read at present, inasmuch as Charlotte Bronte's keen and admirable estimate of their power and character, as recorded by Mrs. Gaskell in the memoir of the author of "Jane Eyre," has revived their memory in the minds of many readers, and given them a new attraction and interest. Macauley, in speaking of Miss Austen, has mentioned Shakspeare, which is simply silly, but nevertheless, they are fine novels, and their merits are both obvious and sterling.

WILD NORTHERN SCENES, OR SPORTING ADVENTURES WITH THE RIFLE AND THE ROD, by S. H. HAMMOND, (Derby & Jackson, New York, for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.,) is a sufficiently attractive title to all lovers of the stirring and graphic kind of literature. The scene of these adventures is the range of rocky and wooded country, dear to the souls of sportsmen, which lies between the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain. There, the lakes, rivers and streams are full of fish, and the woods full of game, even the wolf and panther having still their unmolested haunt there. Of life in this region our book—a capital book—treats. It is a compound of fun, spirit, sketches of amusing and eccentric character, mild and genial philosophy, exciting recitals of adventures and hair-breadth escapes—in a word, it is a clever salmagundi, which the reader will find to have a novel and agreeable flavor.

THINE AND MINE, OR THE STEP-MOTHER'S REWARD, by FLORA NEALE, (Derby & Jackson, New York, for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.,) is the pleasant story of a good and gentle step-mother. *It is written gracefully and tenderly, and has considerable interest.*

☞ The following effusion we clip from a Western paper, where subscribers are hard up, and only pay as the boy said, "in spots." It a parody on two verses of that very well known poem—"Hohenlinden," and we trust will prove irresistible to all delinquent patrons:

In seasons when our funds are low,
Subscriptions are provoking slow,
And no supplies keep up the flow
Of dimes receding rapidly.

* * * * *

The prospect darkens! On ye brave,
Who would our very bacon save!—
Wave, patrons! all your pretexts wave,
And pay the printer cheerfully!

☞ WHY IS MONEY CALLED STERLING?—cause in the time of Richard Cœur de Lion, money coined in the east part of Germany became, on account of its purity, in especial request in England, and was called Easterling money, as all the inhabitants of that part of Germany were Easterlings; and soon after, some this people, skilled in coining, were sent for to London, to bring the coin to perfection; and hence the adoption of sterling to designate it.

☞ On a tombstone near San Diego, is an epitaph which runs as follows:—"This yere is akrid to the memory of William Henry Straken, who came to his deth by bein shot with Colt's revolver—one of the old kind, brass mounted, and of such is the kingdom of heavin."

☞ Not a bad joke is told of a newly arrived Irish servant-girl, who had obtained a place at a splendid mansion in the West End. On the day after her arrival, her mistress observed her coming down the grand staircase backwards, and naturally inquired the reason this crab-like movement. "Lor bless you, um," was the answer, "we always come down that way aboard the ship."

☞ A barrister, blind of one eye, pleading with his spectacles on, said—"Gentlemen, in argument, I shall use nothing but what is cessary." "Then," replied a wag, "take one of the glasses of your spectacles."

☞ Dr. Darwin informs us, says the Boston ost, that the reason why the bosom of a beauiful woman is an object of such peculiar dearises from hence—that "all our first agreable sensations of warmth, sustenance repose are derived from this interesting ource." Dr. Darwin's theory was considered satisfactory till a tough, hardbrained, ctical Scotch metaphysician suggested whether the same sensations of delight would be roduced in one who in his infancy had been nursed with a bottle." This confounded the octor, and upset his theory.

☞ TESTING A RAVEN'S AGE.—A man fond f experimenting, hearing that a raven would ve two hundred years, bought one to test the uth of the assertion.

☞ "Be good, and leave the rest to hea," was the advice given by the poor curate Dr. Syntax, and it is a counsel that we all ould do well to follow. It is too often a fault t good is checked through a weak distrust rovidence in the minds of the conservas. What is right? should be the question, what is right must ultimate in right.

NOBODY'S DOG.

BY ANDREW HALLIDAY.

It was on a cold, dark, foggy night in November, as I was trudging homewards, encumbered by a fearful amount of great-coat, goloshes, and umbrella, that I was accosted by a large white dog. After some time, I perceived that he was looking up in my face, as if wishing to attract my attention.

"Pray, whose dog are you?" I inquired.

The poor brute looked up at me with a pitiful expression, and I read my answer in his heavy, beseeching eye:

"Alas, sir, I am nobody's dog."

"Poor brute!" I exclaimed, "I pity you, and would take you home, and give you supper and dry a bed in the cellar, if I dared; but I have a cross old housekeeper who hates your species, and whom even the footprint of one of your race on the door-step driveth to the verge of madness. Go along, sir!"

The dog took a backward jump, and retreated precipitately.

I soon fell into one of those musing moods which a walk through quiet and deserted streets rarely fails to beget in the least thoughtful minds. I gave way to thinking, and my thoughts were of dogs. There was no workhouse for dogs, as there was for Christians, and even pagans. If a dog lost his master, or was drowned, or fell into decay, what was he to do? He could not garotte a baker in the street; he could not swindle shareholders, or chalk a mackerel on the pavement; he could not write begging letters, or advertise his distress in the papers; nor could he go to his fellow-dogs, and appeal to them with any hope of success. What could he do? He might possibly be able to rob a butcher's shop of a steak, but even then every thing would be against his getting clear off with his prize. Clearly the case of dogs in reduced circumstances was a very hard one, and something ought to be done for them. I was just thinking what that something should be, when I became sensible of a pattering sound on the pavement behind me; and on turning round, behold there was my white four-footed friend close at my heels. Dear, dear! Well; after my philanthropic (or rather philocynic) theory about reduced dogs, I could not with any grace dismiss this canine waif until I had made some endeavor to mitigate his distresses. The brute seemed to start up to put me to the proof. Seeing, with the quick perception of his nature, that I was softened towards him, he approached nearer, and once more appealed to me with doleful looks.

"Poor dog!" said I; "you are doubtless hungry, as well as weary and cold. Come, I will do my duty towards you as a Christian, and give you something to eat." And with that I led the way into a tavern, the dog following.

"Now, nobody's dog, what will you have?"

There was quite another expression in his face now. The hang-dog look had vanished in an instant, and his eyes beamed with expectancy. "What will you have, nobody's dog?" He wagged his tail and smacked his lean chops, as much as to say, "Any thing, so that you give it me quickly." I tossed him half of a biscuit, which he bolted at a gulp. Another disappeared *in the same way; but the eager* hungry eye was still watching the motion of my hand. "More" was written there as plainly as "No Smoking allowed in this compartment" was written upon the partition which kept the scene of our refection select. More he had; but never so much as a wink did that dog allow to obscure the watchfulness of that eager eye of his, until he had bolted four biscuits.

"Come, now, I think you will do, nobody's dog;" and going out into the street, I endeavored, by flourishing my umbrella in a threatening manner, and otherwise conducting myself objectively, to make it understood by that dog that I conceived I had done my duty by him, and was resolved to be troubled no more. The dog retreated hastily, and seizing the favorable moment, I turned a corner and ran away. On reaching home, I found a comfortable fire in my room, and the faithful Mrs. Brown, my housekeeper, preparing supper.

"I have been bothered by a dog following me, Mrs. Brown."

"Oh, drat all dogs, I say," replied Mrs. Brown tartly.

"I really thought he would have followed me home, and insisted on my taking him in."

"Then it's lucky he didn't," said Mrs. Brown, flourishing the poker a little. "I hate dogs."

* * * * * *

I had disposed of my supper, and had smoked my cigar down to the stump, when I was startled by a noise at the street-door, as of some one trying the lock. Presently the noise was repeated; and this time it sounded, I thought, like the noise of a saw. At that time of night, in a suburban neighborhood, it was natural to think of burglars. I armed myself with the poker, and crept quietly out into the passage. "Who's there?" I called. No answer. Presently the scratching was resumed. "Who's there?" I called again. This time there was an answer, and it came through below the door in the shape of a low whine. A suspicion of the truth instantly flashed across me, and I at once undid the chain and opened the door; and there, on the door-step, covered with mud, dripping with wet, and shivering with the cold, stood, or rather crouched, that big, white, vagabond dog, whom I had congratulated myself on having got rid of for ever.

"What do you want now, you exorbitant, ungrateful, insatiable dog?" He whined and shivered pitifully, as if to remind me of the relentless rain and biting cold.

"Well; come in, you tiresome brute; it is a cruel night to be sure, and you appear to have had enough of it." I took that dog in, I wiped his feet for him on the mat, lodged him on some straw in the coal-cellar, and retired to rest with a sense of having done my duty that day, if ever I had in my life. I have heard that well-doing conduces to all kinds of happiness, even to sound sleep and pleasant dreams. I ought, then, to have slept well that night, and I believe I did; but whether I enjoyed pleasant dreams or not, I cannot say; but I do know that I was awoke next morning by a fearful row in the house. Bang, bang—get out—hi—bang, bang—get out—bang—yelp! I thought of the dog; and rushing to the door of my room, I discovered the good Mrs. Brown on the landing charging my *protege* in a most savage and deadly manner.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Brown? what's the matter?" I shouted.

"A great, big, ugly, white dog, has got into the house," cried the agonized lady; "and he's been and left his marks all along the passage." (Bang—yelp!)

"Don't hurt him, Mrs. Brown; don't hurt him. I let him in; it's my fault." (Bang—yelp!)

Being now dressed, I hurried to the rescue of the innocent animal, upon whose devoted head Mrs. Brown's stair-broom was evidently taking heavy effect; but I could achieve little for the poor brute beyond a respite from the persecution of the broom. Mrs. Brown couldn't abide dogs; and with a declaration to that effect, she retired to the regions below.

I took nobody's dog with me into the parlor, designing, if possible, to awaken in his mind a sense of the trying position in which his importunate conduct had placed me; but while revolving whether instant elimination, enforced by kicks, would not be at once the most impressive and effectual mode of making myself understood, the faithful, but in this instance impetuous, Mrs. Brown, burst into the room in a state of great excitement, and cried,

"There! there's your protiggs!" In each hand Mrs. Brown extended a plate. On one reposed a roll of butter, on the other a bloater. The butter showed marks of teeth, and had a decided appearance of having been licked; the bloater was gnawed and mangled beyond even maternal recognition. There was an awful pause; and to a third party, I fancy the *tableau* presented at that moment would have been highly imposing. There stood Mrs. Brown indignant and accusatory; there sat I, overwhelmed, astonished, hurt; and there sat the vagabond dog, crouching on his haunches under my glance, with a look that unmistakably proclaimed him guilty.

"And look here," cried Mrs. Brown, turning to another clause in the indictment,—"look at the marks of his feet all along the passage and down the stairs."

"Well, Mrs. Brown, what am I to do with him?"

"Drown him," Mrs Brown said; and she said it from the bottom of her heart.

"Oh, Mrs. Brown, that would be cruel. No; I could not drown him; but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take him out and lose him."

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Brown tartly; "you'll lose that dog, or lose me, Mr. John—there!"

Did Mrs. Brown, my good, faithful, attached Mrs. Brown, contemplate giving me warning? The bare thought of such a thing armed me with resolution. I put on my hat and coat, and left the house, whistling the dog after me. Whither should I go? To what *terra incognita* should I bend my steps? In fact, how should I contrive to lose this troublesome dog?

I decided to be guided by fate, and set out, the dog following at my heels, apparently perfectly unconscious of my design against him. He trotted now before me, now behind me, looked up at me, wagged his tail, and occasionally stopped to say a word or two to other dogs; probably to inform them that he had found a master who had plenty of bloaters and butter in his cupboard, and that consequently he was now all right. Little did he think that the end and object of all his master's evolutions *at that moment—his darting down by-streets* and through the mazes of mews, his sudden disappearances round corners and down alleys, his rushing in at the front doors of shops and stealing out at the back doors, his getting behind boardings and into sly enclosures,—little did that unsuspecting dog conceive that all this was the desperate execution of a deeply-laid plan for losing him, and throwing him once more upon the cruel, rainy, foggy, sloppy, victualless, and bedless world, a masterless, houseless, hungry, mendicant, vagrant dog. But for some time my best and most desperate efforts were as vain and fruitless as if he had known my intent, and been watching every move to defeat it. At length, in the remote and unexplored regions of Islington a favorable opportunity presented itself. I seized it; and while the dog was engaged in a long and earnest confabulation with another dog, I jumped in at the open door of an omnibus, and the next instant was driven off. After a prudent interval, I ventured to peep out from behind the panel, but no dog could I see. I had eluded him at last; well, thank goodness!

I got out at the bank, with the intention of proceeding onward by another omnibus. As the conductor tendered me sixpence in change, he said, "Is this your dog, sir?"

As I live, there was the dog again at my heels, wagging his tail and stretching his jaws, as much as to say, "Am I not a clever, faithful dog now, to discover my good master and follow him so far, and never once lose sight of him?" How was I to kick the brute, or strike him, with that innocent look of self-satisfaction in his face? I could not do it. Still I was resolved to commit the negative cruelty of losing him. Ha! should I hurry to the Thames, and pitch him in, take him by the scruff of the neck and fling him from the bridge into the—the rolling tide? I was neither cruel nor melodramatic enough for that; and I think a sort of regret did pass through my mind at the time that I had not been born a villain. But, alas, I had been born a diplomatist; and diplomacy must be my weapon. I took a ticket at the steamboat pier, gave sixpence to an idler to keep back the dog, and rushed along the gangway to the boat. I was just in time; as I planted my foot on the deck the vessel moved off. Looking up to the shore, I saw the dog and the man struggling; the next instant, the dog broke from the man's grasp and rushed to the pier. He was too late. But, oh, how shall I describe the feeling of mingled pain and pleasure which shot through my heart, as I saw that dog leap from the pier into the river and bravely breast the waves to follow me!

A shout of admiration was raised from the boat and echoed back from the shore. A hundred eyes were upon the dog. The boat, which had shot straight across the stream for the purpose of turning, was now nearing the shore again, so that she came within a few yards of the spot where the dog was battling with the tide. The passengers now rushed in a body to the bulwarks to watch the noble swimmer. No one appeared more interested in the scene than the captain. His attention was so absorbed by the dog, that he appeared to forget all about his duties. There he stood on the paddle-box watching him. A sudden thought struck me, and I pulled the captain by the skirts:

"Stop for him, captain, he is my dog."

"That I will," said the man in a tone of enthusiasm; and in an instant the order was given—"Stop her!"

One of the men threw out a rope with a noose at the end of it, and the next instant the dog floated over it, fell into the "bite" and was dragged on deck amidst a burst of cheers. I need not say that for the rest of that journey, my dog and I were the centre of attraction, the admired of all admirers. Every one had something to say to the dog, something to give him. As for myself, I think every individual person on the boat had a word to say to me. One man, more enthusiastic than the rest, who had rummaged his pockets in vain for something to give the dog, appeared quite unhappy until he had invited me to have something to drink with him when we got on shore.

I had forgotten Mrs. Brown, but Mrs. Brown had now to be faced. I could not part from the dog now. The very thought of having conspired to lose such a noble animal had become a sting in my conscience. I took heart of grace, and resolved to face Mrs. Brown at all hazards. I had never been afraid of Mrs. Brown in my life, not even in my youthful days, when that good lady had been accustomed to invoke Begie upon me; but on this occasion I am bound to say, that I stood on my own door-step, and knocked at my own door with a fluttering and misgiving heart. The door was opened by Mrs. Brown herself, and I entered, the dog following me. The good lady did not see the animal at first; but as she turned round from shutting the door her eye suddenly fell upon his white form in the full glare of the candle. I saw that she was about to demonstrate both by action and speech; but before she could utter a word or lift a leg I interposed.

"Don't speak, Mrs. Brown; don't utter a word until you hear what I have to say." I led her into the parlor placed her in an arm chair, and sat down before her. I then related to her the adventures of the day. I threw as much pathos into the narrative as I was master of, and worked up the incidents to a climax quite dramatically, I thought. Mrs. Brown listened to the end patiently, but betraying no emotion one way or other; and when I had done, rose calmly, took up her candle, and left the room. When she brought up my dinner, the dog was lying at full length on the rug; but Mrs. Brown's countenance was serene, and she uttered never a word.

For some time after his installation, the dog preserved a timidity of manner that gave me the idea of his being naturally of a retiring and modest disposition; but as he became accustomed to the place, and began to feel his *status* secure, this modesty and reserve rapidly wore off; and instead of crouching near me at the parlor-fire, as he had been wont to do, he now ranged about the premises at will. By and by he began to bark when people called; and it was not long before he felt it incumbent upon him to conduct himself offensively towards the tradespeople. He snarled at the butcher, barked at the greengrocer, and had several times sprung upon the baker so savagely, that I was led to suspect the man of bread of giving short weight. On making inquiry, I found that this was the case, though I was disposed to think that I should have found it so at any time. Mrs. Brown had been silent hitherto, but now she *must speak. She came in one* morning, fresh and floury from a dumpling, to say that the dog had got hold of the baker by the leg, and was worrying him alive. I hastened to the rescue, and found that this was so far from being the case, that the dog had only got hold of the baker by the corduroys; but these, it must be confessed, he was treating in a manner utterly regardless of their expense—I mean to the baker. I rescued the baker, and applied the salve of half-a-crown to his corduroys; but on consulting with his legal adviser, the man returned, and insisted upon five shillings, which I gave to save "further proceedings," though I was convinced that the corduroys could never, even in the full vigor of their prime and bad smell, have been worth half that amount. Mrs. Brown said nothing; but she evidently thought the more. I was now fain to admit that I had mistaken the character of the dog. He was clearly a vicious, mischievous dog, a dog to beware of. So next morning I chained him up in the washhouse by means of a clothes-line, officiously and offensively furnished by Mrs. Brown. I could now await the butcher, the greengrocer, and even the baker, with serenity. They came and went with safety both as respects their limbs and their garments; and I was just thinking of going to release the prisoner for a little recreation, when my intention was arrested by a loud knocking at the door, and presently a great deal of talking and shuffling in the hall. I hurried out to find a flurried group, consisting of Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Duckling, my next-door neighbor, and her servant, all talking at once loudly and angrily. Mrs. Duckling held what appeared to be a dead fowl in her hand, this seemed to be the subject of the pother. What did I say to this? My dog had done it—had killed Mrs. Duckling's pet bantam, a little pet that she had cherished dearer than her life—the brute, the savage, the monster, the—and Mrs. Duckling sank into a chair, sobbing and weeping bitterly. Then the maid took up the tale, and by the time she had done Mr. Duckling came in, and he began; and altogether there was such a hullabaloo, that people began to gather about the door, expecting probably to see me arrested for forgery, if not murder. But Mrs. Duckling was not to be comforted. Nothing could compensate her for the loss of her darling pet; and as she repeated this over and over again, she fondled the dead fowl in her bosom, and basted its body with tears. Mr. Duckling, who was a more prosaic sort of person, insisted upon the market value of the article, which he rated at ten shillings, which I gladly gave him to get rid of the exhibition which had by this time collected quite a crowded audience on the door-step.

But whatever hopes I had of the dog's reformation, they were soon destined to be dashed and disappointed. He had already, I found, acquired a bad repute in the neighborhood; and it only required the affair of Mrs. Duckling's fowl to call forth public opinion respecting him. There was no end of complaints against that dog. He had stolen a chop, worried a cat, attempted to bite a boy, knocked over a child, and had done everything bad that a dog could possibly do. In fact the dog had got a bad name, and I might hang him without judge or jury. But in grateful remembrance of the devotion and attachment which he displayed towards me on that memorable day, when he braved the tide of the Thames for my sake, I stood between him and his detractors manfully; and I would have stood between him and them to the last, had he not shortly afterwards handed me over to my enemies and his, by biting Johnny Smith in the leg. Johnny Smith's mother brought in the mangled body of her hopeful son and laid it on the hall-table. Mrs. Brown came in flurried haste to summon me with the intelligence that the dog had actually bit a piece out of Johnny Smith's leg. Mrs. Smith stood over the prostrate form of her son like a female Mark Antony, and eloquently exposed his wrongs and his wounds. As Antony lifted up great Cæsar's mantle, so Mrs. Smith turned back her son Johnny's trowsers, and pointing to his injuries, seemed to say, "See what a rent the envious rascal made." There was no piece out of the limb, however, though certainly the young Cæsar's blood had "rushed out of doors," to make the affair look ugly enough.

Mrs Duckling's tears and lamentations were positively heart-rending, until the sight of a sovereign partially restored her. She then partook of a glass of wine and became quite cheerful. Johnny was taken to the nearest surgeon's, and I heard subsequently that he was seen in the course of the evening playing at chuck-farthing in his native alley. I may mention, however, that his wound (according to the report I had at the time) was a very long time in healing, and that a great many applications of golden ointment had to be made before Johnny Smith was finally restored to health. I now felt that in justice to my neighbors I must do away with my dog somehow. The damage done to Johnny Smith was not great, but it might have been greater, and something worse might happen before long.

As the body of Johnny Smith was carried out in the presence of a crowd of excited and sympathising neighbors, I resolved upon that dog's death. Hot with this resolution, I took down an old pistol and loaded it, calling the dog to follow me to his doom. He came bounding out to the little garden like a joyful martyr; and as I stooped to pick up the cap which had fallen from the nipple of the pistol, the unsuspecting brute came and licked my hand—the hand upraised to slay." That unmanned me. No; I could not shoot him. I fired off the pistol against the brick-wall and rushed into the house. I could not, however, escape from a sense of the duty which I owed my neighbors. As society at large demanded the punishment and confinement of dangerous criminals, so that neighborhood demanded that it should be protected from this dangerous dog. I tried to sophisticate the question by every kind of philosophical device, but I could not work out the conclusion, that I could still maintain that dog in liberty consistently with my obligations as a man, a neighbor, and a Christian. That dog must die. Again I resolved it. I procured a deadly poison, and called the dog once more into the garden. I had a piece of bread in my hand, and he followed me eagerly. He snapped up the pieces greedily. At length I threw him a piece into which I had worked a pinch of poison. He jumped at it hungrily, but he had no sooner caught it in his mouth than he dropped it, as if it had been fire, and retreated from me with a howl. I called to him to come back, but he ran towards the gate, and as he reached it, he turned upon me a look that I shall never forget. The next instant he disappeared.

Next morning, as I came down to breakfast, Mrs. Brown brought up a basket containing a hare, which had been left that morning by the Barnet carrier. There was the kettle hissing on the fire, and there was the newspaper airing on a chair; but where was my dog? He was sulky, I supposed, and would not come up. Breakfast had been cleared away, and the boy had come for the paper; but the dog had not yet appeared. I went to look for him. I searched upstairs and down, in the garden, in the washhouse. I whistled, I called; but there was no answer. Had Mrs. Brown seen the dog? Well, she had just seen him when she first came down, and he had gone out at the front-door when the carrier called; but she had not seen him since. The day passed, but the dog did not make his appearance; another passed, and then another, but still no dog. When a whole week had gone by without our hearing any tidings of the animal, I concluded that he had gone for good. I was willing to think, for good, happy to think, for good, for by his going voluntarily he had spared my feelings, and delivered me from a painful duty. Mrs. Brown ought to have manifested great joy, but she did not; and I fancy she was rather sorry to lose a comfortable source of occupation for her thoughts and temper.

Some weeks after this, as I was crossing one of the great thoroughfares, I happened to come upon the Barnet carrier as he was driving homewards. There was a white dog trotting underneath the cart, that, I thought, looked very like my old friend. The cart stopped to take in parcels at the booking-office, and I walked up to make a closer inspection. As I drew near, the dog turned round, saw me, and instantly came bounding to meet me. It was my old friend. How he jumped upon me, and fondled me and sought my caresses! I was gratified, and yet I was not; for I was afraid he might own me again, and stick to me. As he had evidently taken up with the carrier, I was naturally anxious to hear what that individual knew of him.

"That dog, sir," said Mr. Bonnet, "ah, he is a rum un. It's a curous history, sir, quite a romance like. Four years ago, that dog took up with me in the streets as I was a-joggin' on home—came up quite promiscuously, and followed me right away to Barnet; wouldn't go away, no, not for the whip. And he stuck to me, that dog, sir, for near four year. But one dark, foggy night, better nor three months ago, he got lost, or cut it on his own accord, somewheres about Holborn, and I went home without him. Never saw nothin' of him after that, until about a month ago, when I was up your way, and there I found him trotting underneath the cart, just as if he had never been away. Where he came from *I* can't say; seemed to start up like out of the earth. He appears to know you, sir; but there, that dog knows everybody, he's anybody's dog, I think.

"Or nobody's dog," said I.

"Good-night, sir."

"Good night, Mr. Bonnet."

The cart drove off, and to my infinite relief, the dog, after a parting leap upon me, ran after it. About a week after this, Mr. Bonnet had occasion to call on me with another parcel. I looked for the dog, but he was not to be seen. I asked Mr. Bonnet about him, and he said,

"He was ailing, had been ailing for near a week, and seemed like as if he was moping and going to die."

I was touched and saddened by this news.

"Poor dog! poor dog!"

Mrs. Brown heard me utter these exclamations; and for the first time since the dog's disappearance she ventured to mention the subject. Had I heard anything of the dog? I told her what I had heard; and when I related how the dog was moping and ailing, she said "Poor dog!" too.

All that winter's night through, I was disturbed by a noise in the house which I could not account for. I mentioned this to Mrs. Brown in the morning, and she said she also had heard a noise, and had fancied several times that it was like some one moaning in pain. It had been a cruel night, and the wind had drifted the snow in heaps into the corners and upon the ledges of the windows. Could any poor houseless wanderer have sought shelter about the place? I went and opened the front-door to look out. Gracious heavens! what is this? For some moments I was bereft of utterance; and at length I could only utter a cry. Mrs. Brown ran forward with alarm to see what ailed me. I could only point to the door step. There, his head nestling close to the door, and his poor emaciated body covered by a pall of snow, lay Nobody's dog. Dead! dead! We stood for some moments contemplating the poor dead beast in silence. At length I saw a tear start into Mrs. Brown's eye; it trickled slowly down her cheek, and fell upon the dog's body. That was a gracious drop! Mrs. Brown has denied that tear, but I saw it; I saw it fall.

* * * * * * *

My house does not belong to me—I am only a tenant, and some day I may have to leave it. Should it fall into the occupancy of any one of those who read this history, let me beg respect for the rough, white stone, which marks a little green mound at the bottom of the garden. Its signification will be known from the inscription which it bears: "HERE LIES NOBODY'S DOG."

NEW EXAMPLES OF SAGACITY IN BRUTES.

When in Ceylon many years ago, a friend of mine, who was deputy-quartermaster general, consulted me about an elephant belonging to his department, one that had a deep burrowing sore on his back, just over the back-bone, which had long resisted the ordinary mode of treatment employed. After due examination, I recommended as necessary the free use of the knife, that issue might be given to the accumulated matter; but no one of the ordinary attendants would undertake the operation. Being assured by my friend that the brute would behave well under it, I undertook it. The elephant was not bound; he was made to kneel down, his keeper at his head; with an amputating knife, using all my force, I made the incision requisite through his tough integuments; he did not flinch, but rather inclined towards me when using the knife, and uttered merely a low and suppressed groan; in short, he behaved very much like a human being, as if conscious, as I believe he was, that the pain inflicted was unavoidable, and that the operation, as I am happy to say it proved, was for his benefit.

From the elephant I will pass to the dog. The then Governor of Ceylon, the late Sir Robert Browning, had one of more than ordinary sagacity; he always accompanied his master, being allowed so to do, except on particular occasions, as on going to church, or council, or to inspect the troops, when the general always wore his sword. Now, when he saw the sword girdled on, he would give his attendance no further than the outer door; with a word being said, he would return and wait the coming back of his master, patiently waiting upstairs at the door of his private apartment. Here is another instance. Once, when fishing in the Highlands, I saw a party of sportsmen with their dogs cross the stream, the men wading, the dogs swimming, with the exception of one who stopped on the bank piteously howling; after a few minutes, he suddenly ceased, and started off full speed for a higher part of the stream. I was able to keep him in view, and he did not stop till he reached a spot where a plank connected the banks, on which he crossed dry-footed, and soon joined his companions.—*Doctor Dory's "Angler in the Lake District."*

AN AMAZONIAN HEROINE.—One day last week, the occupants of a house in South Ann street were startled by a bustling and groaning noise in the attic, and on reparing to the spot found the man who occupied the second story of the house, and who had been on a spree for several days, in a dying condition. He had adjusted a leather strap to his neck, and made it fast to a beam overhead, and when discovered life was almost extinct. A lady occupying the lower tenement was called to the rescue, who immediately cut the strap and seized him by the nape of his neck and the slack of his breeches and threw him down a flight of stairs. This done, she held his head in a pail of water until life was restored, and then took the leather by which he was found suspended, and gave him a right down good strapping. The man having fully recovered his senses, entered the lady's apartment and began to show fight, whereupon she took a rolling pin, with which she was at the time rolling out pie crust, and went at him in good earnest, driving him into an adjoining room and locking him in. The next day the victor gave birth to a plump and healthy nine pounds child and is doing well.—*Hartford Courant.*

☞ LONG LIE.—Mr. Twiss, a romancing traveller, was talking of a church he had seen in Spain, a mile and a half long. "Bless me!" said Garrick, "how broad was it?" "Ten yards." "This, you'll observe, gentlemen," said Garrick to the company, "is not a round lie, but differs from his other stories, which are generally as broad as they are long."

☞ An Irishman tells of a fight in which there was but one whole nose left in the crowd, "and that belonged to the tay-kettle."

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

There is not perhaps among the usages of society, one which is more annoying, or more productive of bad results, than the practice of inditing letters of introduction, in behalf of persons of whom little is known, and whose welfare or well-being the writer of the missal is oftentimes indifferent to. Letters of introduction, given without great caution, are not only disturbers of the peace, but are a species of private passports to robbery—for they enable a stranger to steal time, which is more valuable at times, than even money. We can only account for the readiness, with which letters of introduction are given, by the happiness which the information gives to the writer of them, of the receiver's intention to emigrate to. Men who possess influence are sometimes called upon for letters to other distinguished persons, in behalf of persons of whom they know little, and, without a thought, they introduce a person to the family circle of a friend at a distance, when they would not grant, to the individual, the same liberty under their own roofs. There is a lamentable want of gumption in this matter which sadly needs attention. Dr. Franklin was once annoyed at the request of a stranger who asked of him letters of introduction. He wished to rebuke the practice, and with commendable gumption he wrote:—

"The bearer of this is unknown to me, should he upon acquaintance prove worthy of your friendship," &c.

Others adopt a less honorable mode of procedure. A friend of ours in the city received a letter from an attorney in a country town which read somewhat as follows:

"I have given Mr. ——— a letter of introduction to you, simply because I was obliged to do so. His family are clients of mine. He will fasten himself on to you; and expects you to show him round the city on the 4th of July. Knowing that you will have other engagements, it is my legal opinion, that you will be perfectly justified in losing him, in the first crowd you get into—and no action for damages will be brought by Yours, truly."

The frankness of this private letter, does not apologise for the duplicity. Some persons, prominently before the public, are forced to use a little gumption, so beset them by application for letters of introduction.

"I wonder," said a gentleman to a Boston politician of prominence at the time Mr. Pierce came into the Presidential chair, "I wonder that you give letters of introduction to whoever asks you. I should think your friends at Washington would be greatly annoyed."

"My dear sir," he replied, "what can I do? If I refuse, up starts an enemy; but I will tell you a secret, which is understood between my friends in the National Government and myself. Ninety-nine who solicit this favor, receive a letter signed 'Yours, truly'—the other one in a hundred, who is meritorious and deserving from past services, of a little Government pap, receives a letter signed 'Yours, VERY truly.' If there is an opening he receives consideration."

A steamboat man of immense wealth, whom we will designate as Mr. White, solicited the favor of a letter of introduction to an eminent American resident in London, from a New York merchant, who was also engaged in steam navigation, but whose interests had never clashed with Mr. White's. He gave it, with every outward *sign of gratification*, and expressed his delight at being able to serve his friend. The letter was couched in high terms of praise, alluding to Mr. White's immense wealth and his enterprise, and commended him in every possible way to the attention of the American abroad. On his arrival in London, Mr. White delivered the letter, and it was duly honored by attentions paid and courtesies extended. Unfortunately, at a dinner given by the American, when Mr. White was present, he introduced him to the company in a brief speech:—

"My friend in New York, Mr. ———, writes as follows." He took from his pocket a letter, seized his eye-glasses, and a little confused at the pause, read: "Mr. White is of a speculative turn of mind, and I—" He stopped, stammered an apology about the wrong letter, and then took up the original, which was of a totally different tenor.

After dinner, Mr. White demanded the other letter, and after some difficulty, its contents were found to be a caution to the worthy American against embarking in any wild schemes which the speculative visitor might suggest, conveying the idea that Mr. White was rather visionary in his plan. Mr. White merely remarked, "That shall cost him a thousand dollars a line," and returned home. In the course of a few months he put a new line of steamers on the route, where the writer of the letter, with his firm, had previously enjoyed monopoly, and the share of profits by him more than made the vow good for the insulted tourist.

It is needless to make the application of these anecdotes. It is apparent in each. But if there should be one reader who should be induced to ask himself, when seeking a letter of introduction, what claim have I? their recital will have prompted a good thought.—*Boston Gazette.*

THE GOOD EFFECT OF CLIMBING MOUNTAINS.—Climbing lofty mountains brings our minds and bodies together nearer heaven than any other human enterprise, and we admire those who make it their summer occupation. They are never *snivelling* people. The act of ascending developes the superior energies; the nerves are braced; the ideas gather purity from the snows around; and the mind liberality from the vast scale of the mountains, and calm from their solitude; while the receding earth, with its sinking adjuncts, is a type of how tiny things assume their proper proportions and places when contemplated from an elevated point of view. But the arrival at the summit is the culminating moment—then all those sensations mingle together, perhaps bewildering at first, but with delightful force; we feel a touch of superiority run through our nature, and we defy any one who has been raised 10,000 feet in the vault of heaven to descend and talk scandal, or do any other pettifogging meanness for a day or two.—*Athenæum.*

☞ Dr. Conyers, of London, once dissected a person who had died for love, and found an impression of a lady's face upon his heart.

HINDA.

Who has not read Moore's fascinating poem of *Lalla Rookh?* The above engraving illustrates a scene in this favorite Eastern story. The passage referred to occurs in the well-known story of the Fire-worshippers, in which Hinda, the daughter of one of the Arab conquerors of Persia, falls in love with a Persian youth, utterly unsuspicious that he is not only a Gheber, or Fire-worshipper, and therefore belonging to the very tribe her father seeks to destroy, but that he is the leader of the national party, whose name—Hafed—is a word of fear to his enemies. War breaks out; the Persians are defeated, and Hafed is driven to a rock-hold. At this time Hinda is sent out of the way by her father. He is attacked by the Fire-worshippers. She faints, and recovers only to find herself a prisoner—still, of course, unconscious that her lover is the leader of the men she so dreads.

"Upon a galliot's deck she lies
Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,
Nor jasmin on her pillow laid;
But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed;
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
For awning o'er her head are flung.
Shuddering, she look'd around."

THE CUSTOMS OF THE DESERT.

In the following passage Dr. Stewart throws a light upon the manners and morals of the Desert:—

"Polygamy and divorce are both practised among the Bedouins, though less frequently than among the Egyptians. Simpler in life and manners, less exposed to corrupting influences than the dwellers in cities, the greater part of them are content with one wife; and the small number of children in each family is a point to which writers have often adverted. Though the number of slaves among the Towerah is not very great, the reason is rather their poverty than any dislike to 'the institution;' and the few who are regarded as men of substance among them, reckon their wealth, like Abraham and the other patriarchs, by their men-servants, and maid-servants, as well as by their flocks and herds, because all are alike marketable commodities. I am indebted to Mr. Lieder for information regarding another curious custom prevailing among the Desert tribes, which throws light on the passage of Scripture on which the infidel and libertine have rung the changes '*usque ad nauseam*' as of an immoral tendency. I refer to that episode in the history of David, when, stricken in years, and with vital energy scarce sufficient to keep the blood in circulation, he suffered so extremely from cold that his ministers and physicians deemed it necessary to choose Abishag, the Shunamite, a young maiden full of health, that she might cherish him as a nurse, and lie in his bosom to impart heat to him. This custom prevails among the Arabs to the present day. When a man, through old age, has been reduced to the same helpless and suffering condition in which David was, a young girl is chosen to lie in his bosom, not simply to give him heat, but to '*cherish*' him, as they are aware that though the inhalation of his breath may have a poisonous effect on her health, the inhalation of hers gives new life and vigor to his worn-out frame. I have no doubt those who are learned in the mysteries of carbonic and oxygen gases, can explain the reason philosophically:—the fact of the health of the younger and healthier person being, as it were, stolen to support that of the more aged and sickly, is, I believe, so well established among the medical faculty, that they object to young children being allowed to sleep with persons of advanced age. Hence the prescription for the aged king was made in a hygeian point of view, for the prolongation of his valuable life, and not merely for the comfort to be derived from the natural warmth imparted to his withered frame."

OPERA FIRST MENTIONED.—"From a MS. Journal of the Parliament, 1658, in the possession of the descendant of Clement Walker, John Walker Heneage, of Compton House, I am able to show that, besides Anthony Wood's *concert* at Oxford, in the year 1658, 'the opera' was first mentioned. This document is singular:—

"'Thursday, Feb. 5, 1658.—The Lords being acquainted that, notwithstanding the Laws against stage-players and interludes, yet there are stage-plays, interludes, *and things of like nature called Opera*, acted to the scandal of Religion and the government,—ordered a committee.'"—Bowles' Life of Ken., i., 244.—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ Most men employ their first years so as to make their last miserable.

THE RURAL LIFE.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Forswear
Contentious wearisome—life's wear and tear,
Town-bred ambitions—thoughts of gain or loss
Of worldly dross;
All wild unreasonable hopes of thine,
Straightway resign;
Satisfied in these meadows to possess,
Like innocent little children, happiness;
All debts of hope deferred, or wealth's increase,
Cast to compound and liquidate for—PEACE!

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Forbear
To trust implicitly in man-made laws,
Nor urge the justice of the justest cause
Too far.
Thou, rather, loving-kindness ever strive
To keep alive
Annoyances and trespasses *will* be,
Which 'twere as well thou didst not *choose* to see;
By gentle bearing prove thy gentle blood—
Shine, thou, the mirror of good neighborhood.

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Take care,
Whate'er thy duty, be that duty done,
Nor shun it, if thyself thou wouldst not shun
Easy—Not thee!
At ease, and slothful—indolent and free,
God will not let man be!
Up, and be doing, then—the wilderness
Invites thy hand to conquer and to bless;
Deserts are but the earth at liberty—
'Twas Chaos when the universe was free!

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Declare
Th' eternal truth of nature, and be free
Of old simplicity. With reverence stare
Unwritten lore
Lo! the First Cause, benevolent and great,
In all we contemplate
Nor let seclusion dull the social mind,
For friends estranged are kin to friends unkind;
Be sedulous of hospitable cares,
Angels have thus been cherished unawares!

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Despair
Of finding heaven on earth—days void of care,
Exemption from the miseries of life,
And unsought strife
Thy heaven on earth is but a heaven of clay,
Passing away.
Tenant at will of evanescent hours,
Joys unsubstantial, transitory powers;
Steward of these lands, and of this life of thine,
Commanded to improve, and to resign!

NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON.—In the recently published "Memoirs of the Court of England during the "Regency," by the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, is the following passage:—"On the 11th of February, 1818, while the Duke of Wellington was staying in Paris, anxiously occupied in assisting to restore France to her position among the Continental Powers, as he was quitting his carriage to enter his hotel at one o'clock in the morning, a pistol was discharged at him from an unseen assassin, who fled on perceiving that he had missed his aim. Two disbanded old soldiers of the Emperor were arrested on suspicion; but as the evidence against them was defective, they were acquitted. The guilt of one, Cantillon, was sufficiently established in the mind of Napoleon, for he subsequently bequeathed him a legacy of ten thousand francs, for attempting this assassination—a most characteristic demonstration of his Corsican disposition." Are we to understand this as asserting that the will stated the attempt at assassination to be the motive for the legacy? Such seems to be its literal meaning; but is it the correct interpretation?—*Notes and Queries.*

WINE WORKS MURDER.

Will you read a sad story of inebriation? Not of a poetic inebriation does it treat, one of those sad and sighing ones; not one of the imaginative which has emptied its glass to the dregs—one which keeps, even in its height, the name of the loved one a secret. No, it treats simply of a worthy musician of the orchestra of a theatre on the boulevards. This fine fellow, having toasted Bacchus for a considerable period of time, returned home at two in the morning, staggering and singing. Arrived at his door, he finds a drunken man on the threshold. He interested himself in his fellow sinner.

"Come, my good man," says he, "you can't stop there. My bed is large—I offer you my hospitality."

So saying, he raises the man, who is drunker than him, and can't sustain himself. Our musician, half pushing him, half carrying him, reaches at last the fourth story; he opens his door, puts him in his chamber draws the curtains, and puts him on the bed.

Tranquil then as to the condition of his new friend, he says to himself:

"It's shameful, my boy. Here's a fellow drunker than you are. It ought not to be. I repeat it, it ought not to be. And it shan't be."

And reasoning thus he leaves his room, and going through the street stumbles against a man stretched on the ground. It is another drunken man, drunker than the first.

He goes to raise him, but he is so drunk that it is impossible. By great efforts, however, he finally gets him up and carries him to his room. He places him on his bed, and then goes out for something to drink, with the laudable intention of being as drunk as his guest.

At his door he finds a third drunken man.

"What the devil's this?" says he. "Another one! There'll be three in my bed. No matter——they can settle it among themselves."

He takes the third drunkard on his back, carries him to his chamber and throws him on his bed, then, worn by fatigue, falls on an arm chair and goes to sleep.

Presently day begins to dawn. A fresh breeze awakes our musician. He looks around. His bed is empty and the window open.

"How!" said he, "have they gone without saying good-bye? Most decidedly I won't do a good action again."

He rises, and looking out of the window, sees a man lying on the ground. "Well," thinks he, "this is a night for drunkards." Humanity induces him to descend, and he finds the man dead and horribly maimed on the pavement. It was his first friend whom he had thrown out of the window three times, intending to throw him on the bed!

MRS. PARTINGTON'S OPINION.—"Your neighbor Smith, Mrs. Partington, is something of a connoisseur, is he not?" asked the Doctor as he looked in. It was a stiffener of a word. "I don't like to express myself desperishingly against any body," said she, "but I should say, by the way he swills down the wine, that he comes as near a common sewer as anything." "Connoisseur—connoisseur—my dear madam," he said, checking her. "Well," replied she, "what's said is said, and the least said is soonest mended. For my part I find it the best way to say nothing against nobody."—*Boston Gaz.*

UNOPENED BUDS.

A shape of beauty beyond man's device,
Which held a precious life with us begun,
Light feet at rest, like streamlets chain'd with ice,
And folded hands whose little work is done,
Make this poor hamlet sacred to our grief:
Pass'd is the soul, which was of noble worth,
Like fire from glowworm, tint from withered leaf,
Perfume from fallen flower, or daylight from the earth.

Star, faded from our sky elsewhere to shine,
Whose beam to bless us for a while was given;
Little white hand, a few times clasp'd in mine,
Sweet face, whose light is now return'd to Heaven.
With empty arms, I linger where thou liest,
And pluck half-open'd flowers as types of thee,
And think that angels, amid joys the highest,
Are happier for thy love, which still they share with me.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Several elegant dresses have been worn at the various morning parties which have recently taken place in the open air at the villa residences of the nobility and gentry. Among the dresses composed of light textures, those of white muslin, with runnings of colored ribbon, have been very numerous.

A much admired dress, recently worn at a morning party, consisted of Sevres blue silk. The skirt was ornamented with side trimmings, consisting of a row or stripe of white satin, broader at the bottom than at the top, and four rows of narrow blue fringe disposed longitudinally. The stripe of white satin was beautifully embroidered with bouquets of blue flowers and wheat ears of the natural color. The corsage was low and the sleeves were short, and a basquine of white muslin was worn with the dress. The basquine was of plain muslin, trimmed with frills of the same, striped with narrow black velvet. The bonnet was of white tulle bouillonne, lined with blue silk and trimmed on the outside with a wreath of wheat ears and blue-bells; the under trimming was of blonde and bouquets of blue-bells. Strings of blue ribbon. On one arm was worn a gold bracelet, and on the other a hair bracelet, with medallions. Gloves of pale pink kid. Pocket handkerchief trimmed with lace, and round at the corners. Parasol of blue silk lined with white and trimmed with blue fringe, and a bow with flowing ends of blue ribbon placed in the centre at the top. A large burnous of white cashmere was worn in the carriage with the dress above described. It was trimmed with very rich white silk fringe, and had a pointed hood, from which a long white tassel is suspended.

Among the newest out-door dresses may be mentioned one composed of green silk trimmed with three broad flounces. Each flounce is ornamented with three rows of black fringe formed of tassels and grelots. The corsage (without a basque), and the sleeves, are ornamented with the same fringe. The bonnet, adapted to this dress, consists of tulle and blonde, and is trimmed on the outside with tufts of ostrich feathers. In the inside the trimming is composed of blonde, loops and ends of pink ribbon, and a bouquet of roses and foliage. A collar and under sleeves of worked muslin, and a cloak of black silk complete the costume.—*London Lady's Paper, July 4th.*

A REMARKABLE DREAM.—In the "Memoirs of Hutton, the Moravian," we find the following:—

"One night, in London, he had a dream in which he imagined that some one shook him by the arm, and urgently besought him to proceed forthwith to a certain house where his help was wanted. He woke up, thought it was only a dream, and fell asleep again. The same impression came over him a second time. Feeling disturbed, he turned himself, and again fell asleep. Now, a still more powerful shaking took place, and a third time he was importuned to comply with the request, or it would be too late. Greatly alarmed, he arose, dressed himself quickly, and, in the darkness of the night, lantern in hand, hastened to the street which had been distinctly indicated, and rang the bell of the house pointed out to him in his dream. The door was opened, and, at the inquiry of Hutton, he was told that an old man lived in one of the upper rooms, who was probably the person he sought. Hutton, with some trouble, ascended, opened the door, and saw a very aged man reading by lamplight in the prophet Isaiah. He had a razor in his right hand, with which he was about to destroy himself. 'In the name of Christ Jesus—hold.' Saying this, Hutton sprang forward, seized the arm, and wrenched the murderous weapon from the hand of the victim of despair. He then proclaimed to him, who had lost all hope of salvation, that for him as well as for himself, the most deserving of wrath, the Son of God had died on the cross. The poor old man was saved; and, amidst a flood of tears, he thanked the Lord, who at the critical moment had sent His angel of peace."

EPIGRAMS.—This kind of poetry is not so much in fashion as it was in the time of Piron and Voltaire, when they fought their biggest personal battles with epigrams, as they did somewhat later with pamphlets and such like stupid instruments of hostility; but the epigram is undoubtedly the best possible form of wit, and provided it is really terse and pointed, will never cease to please. Here is one by Coleridge which is exceedingly quaint and witty:

Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience;
He took his honor, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His servants, horses, oxen, cows,
But cunning Satan did *not* take his spouse!

But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Two-fold, all he had before;
His servants, horses, oxen, cows—
Short-sighted devil! *not* to take his spouse!

A LITTLE JOKE.—Our friend W. Way, Esq., made a good joke at the altar the other morning. He was being married to L———. As the clergyman asked the bride if she would honor and obey, the facetious bridegroom bent his head and whispered: "My dear, he only wants you to say that *your Will* shall be law; and of course you've no objection to having *your own Way*."

WHY COBBLERS ARE THINKERS.—"You see, sir," quoth the cobbler, "that a man's business has a deal to do with his manner of thinking. Every trade, I take it, has ideas as belong to it. Butchers don't see life as bakers do; and, if you talk to a dozen tallow chandlers, then to a dozen blacksmiths, you will see tallow chandlers are peculiar, and blacksmiths too."

"You are a keen observer," said he, admiringly; "your remark is new to me; I dare say it is true."

"Course it is; and the stars have summat to do with it, for, if they order a man's calling, it stands to reason that they order a man's mind to fit it. Now, a tailor sits on his board with others, and is always a-talking with 'em, and a reading the news; therefore he thinks, as his fellows do, smart and sharp, bang up to the day, but nothing 'riginal, and all his own, like. But a cobbler," continued the man of leather, with a majestic air, "sits by hisself, and talks with hisself; and what he thinks gets into his head without being put there by another man's tongue."

"You enlighten me more and more," said our friend, bowing respectfully—"a tailor is gregarious, a cobbler solitary. The gregarious go with the future, the solitary stick by the past. I understand why you are a Tory, and, perhaps a poet."

"Well, a bit of one," said the cobbler, with an iron smile. "An many's the cobbler who is a poet—or discovers marvellous things in a crystal—whereas a tailor, sir, (spoken with great contempt,) only sees the upper leather of the world's sole in the newspaper."

ERRONEOUS IMPRESSIONS OF GEOGRAPHERS.—America was at first presented to the old world as a great peninsula of Asia, mixed up and joined with Japan, China, &c. Maps are in existence on which China is in the closest neighborhood to Mexico; the great Rio Colorado of California is represented taking its source in Siberia, and the Tartars and their horses and camels are represented about the Rocky Mountains. By degrees, as geographical knowledge improved, America was disjoined from Asia, and Japan kept on the march to the West.

Useful Receipts.

TO REMOVE FRUIT STAINS.—Let the stained part of the cloth imbibe a little water, without dipping. Hold the part over a lighted common brimstone match, at a proper distance. The sulphurous gas which is discharged by burning the match soon causes the spots to disappear.

HOW TO BREAK A COW OF SUCKING HERSELF.—Take a stick some two or three inches in diameter, and from 2½ to 4½ feet long—the length depends on the size of the cow—the larger the cow the longer the stick. Make a mortice an inch and a half or two inches wide in each end, and put the stick between the cow's fore legs, and buckle a strap that is passed through the mortice in the stick just behind her fore legs, and fasten the other end of the stick in the same manner around her neck. Neither of the straps need be buckled very tight.—*Correspondent of the Country Gentleman.*

HOW TO MAKE BLACK CURRANT WINE.—Pick and squeeze the currants when fully ripe. To one gallon of juice add six quarts of water, and to each gallon of this mixture add three and a half pounds of brown sugar. Mix well together and strain. Put it into a cask, and let it be ventilated till it shall have passed the active or vinous fermentation, when it may be well corked. As it will improve by age, it may be well to let it stand undisturbed for years unless wanted for medical purposes.

HOW LAGER BEER IS MADE.—The barley, which should be of uniform age and quality, is first malted in the usual manner. It is then kiln-dried and coarsely ground. Next it placed in a large tub, called a macerating tub and therein are also placed a small preparation of hops, (say one pound of hops to five hundred pounds of barley,) and a sufficient quantity of pure water to moisten the batch, or, if you choose, "make it slab." After remaining in this condition for a day or two, the material is transferred to a copper kettle, over a furnace, or for twelve hours kept at a temperature slightly below the boiling point. The vinous principle of the grain is thus extracted. This effected, the liquor is drawn off into a shallow "cooler," and there remains until its temperature is reduced to that of the atmosphere.—From this "cooler" it is transferred, by a pipe, to the fermenting tub, where it receives a due proportion of good yeast to "start it," as the phrase runs. In this condition it must be kept at a steady temperature—say about 78 degrees Fahrenheit—until the yeast rises plentifully, or until the practiced brewer perceives that fermentation has sufficiently progressed. The liquor is then drawn off into another "cooler," and permitted to remain until the yeast is thoroughly separated in the form of a cream on the surface. Through a faucet at the bottom of the "cooler," the lager is then drawn off and kegged—into *clean* kegs, or it will spoil in twenty-four hours. It is then fit for use, though the age of a few days improves it.

TO CLEAR THE SKIN.—A correspondent thus gives the result of a trial which he made, but the receipt would not suit all persons:—"Seeing so many of your correspondents inquiring what to do to keep the face, neck and arms clear from pimples, I must state that I myself was as bad as I could be; indeed, my face was quite a sight; I was ashamed of going out. A lady told me always to wash myself in warm water and that it would soon remove them. I followed her advice, washed myself in hot water, dried myself on a coarse towel, and then rubbed my face over lightly with flour; and in the short space of twelve days my complexion became quite clear.—*English paper.*

TO PRESERVE HERBS.—All kinds of herbs should be gathered on a dry day, just before or while in blossom. Tie them in bundles, and suspend them in a dry, airy place, with the blossoms downwards. When perfectly dry, wrap the medicinal ones in paper, and keep them from the air. Pick off the leaves of those which are to be used in cooking, pound and sift them fine, and keep the powder in bottles, corked up tight.—*Herkimer County Journal.*

Dr. Page, of Washington, D. C., says that herbs should be bruised or crushed while in the green state, and then dried. When so treated, they retain their color and odor for a great length of time.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

HOW IT WAS TO BE.

I never intended to fall in love
With less than six feet in height;
A boundless beard and a fathomless purse
Had always been my delight.

His pale, high brow, I said, shall be swept
By masses of black waving hair—
A strange, sad light in the cavernous eyes,
A shadow, but not of care;

A dark, stern face turned out to the world,
But, glowing, turned inward to me;
A heart locked and barred to the stranger's approach,
But I have the golden key;

A voice like the South wind in murmuring love,
Thunder-toned in denouncing the wrong,
And a name handed down from the long-ago days,
Embalmed in the troubadour's song.

HOW IT IS.

Well, here we have him. Pray give a glance
To the gentleman vis-a-vis,
Intently engaged with a chicken's wing
And a cup of his favorite tea.

A round, good-natured, full moon of a face,
Eyes blue as the summer sky;
With the locks on his forehead—well, auburn at least,
Not to mention a ruddier dye.

He daily toils for his daily bread,
He's the merriest fellow alive;
At eight in the morning, in high-heeled boots,
He measures but five feet five.

He bears in his bosom the biggest heart
On this side the broad Atlantic;
His chin is as smooth as a lawn in May,
And his name is by no means romantic.

HOW IT CAME TO BE SO.

Exactly! How did it? I really can't tell,
I really don't know to this day.
I am sure I but thought we were very good friends,
In a perfectly natural way.

I dreamed not that I was in love with him,
Nor that he was in love with me;
Though I knew that whenever fate brought us together,
We were happy as happy could be.

Till all of a sudden, one moonlight night—
Such a night as Juno only can bring;
He'd been talking, though rather at random, I thought,
Of the stars, and all that sort of thing—

He whispered me—something, *I'll never tell what*—
You smile, but you need not doubt it—
That frightened and startled me so, that—and—then—
Why, you see, I forgot all about it.

—*National Era.*

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE of the WAR WITH MEXICO

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XCI.

UP-STREAM.

My advance was far from being too rapid The water was occasionally deeper or shallower, but generally rising above my hips—deep enough to render wading a task of time and difficulty. The current was of course against me; and though not very swift, seriously impeded my progress. I could have advanced more rapidly, but for the necessity of keeping my head and that of my horse below the escarpment of the bank. At times it was a close fit, with scarcely an inch to spare; and in several places I was compelled to move with my neck bent, and my horse's nose held down to the surface of the water.

At intervals, I paused to rest myself—for the exertion of wading against the current wearied me, and took away my breath. This was particularly the case when I was required to crouch; but I chose my resting-places where channel was deepest, and where I could stand erect.

I was all the while anxious to look up and take a survey of the camp: I wished to ascertain its distance and position; but I dared not raise my head above the level of the bank. The sward that crowned it was smooth as a mown meadow, and the edge-line of the turf even and unbroken. Had I shown but my hand above it, it might have been seen in that clear white light. I dared not show either hand or head.

I had advanced I knew not how far, but I fancied I must be near the lines. All the way, I had kept close under the left bank, which, as Rube had predicted, now rose a full half yard above the water line. This was a favorable circumstance, and another equally so was the fact that the moon on that—the eastern side—was yet low in the sky, and consequently the bank flung a broad black shadow that extended nearly half-way across the stream. In this shadow I walked, and its friendly darkness sheltered both myself and my horse.

I fancied I must be near the lines, and longed to reconnoitre them, but, for the reasons already given, dared not.

I was equally afraid to make any further advance—for that might be still more perilous. I had already noted the direction of the wind: it blew *from* the river, and *towards* the camp; and should I bring my horse opposite the line of the mustangs, I would then be directly to windward of them, and in danger from their keen nostrils. They would be almost certain to take up the scent of my steed, and utter their warning snorts. The breeze was light, but so much the worse. There was sufficient to carry the smell, and not enough to drown the plunging noise necessarily made by my horse moving through the water, with the hollow pounding of his hoofs upon the rocks at the bottom.

If I raised my head over the bank, there was the danger of being observed; if I advanced, prospect was one of still greater peril.

For some moments I stood hesitating—uncertain as to whether I should leave my horse, or lead him a little further. I heard noises from the camp, but they were not distinct enough to guide me.

looked back down the river, with the hope being able to calculate the distance I had come, and by that means decide where I was; my observation furnished no data by which could determine my position. With my eyes almost on a level with the surface of the water, could not judge satisfactorily of distance.

I turned my face up-stream again, and scrutinized the parapet line of the bank. Just then I saw an object over its edge that answered well to guide me; it was the croup and hip-bones of a horse—one of the mustangs staked near the bank. I saw neither the head nor shoulders of the animal; its hind quarters were towards the stream; its head was to the grass—it was browsing.

The sight gratified me. The mustang was full two hundred yards above the point I had reached. I knew that its position marked the outer line of the encampment. I was just in the place where I wanted to be—about two hundred yards from the lines. Just at that distance I desired to leave my horse. I had taken the precaution to bring with me my picket-pin—one of the essentials of the prairie traveller. It was the work of a moment to drive it into the bank. I needed not to drive it with violence: my well trained steed never broke a fastening, however slight. With him the stake was only required as a sign that he was not free to wander.

In a moment, then, he was staked; and with a "whisper" I parted from him, and kept on up stream.

I had not gone a dozen yards further, when I perceived a break in the line of the bank. It was a little *gully* that led slantingly from the level of the prairie down to the bed of the stream. Its counterpart I perceived on the opposite side. The two indicated a ford or crossing used by buffalo, wild-horses, and other denizens of the prairie.

At first, I viewed it with apprehension; I feared it might uncover my body to the eyes of the enemy; but on coming opposite, my fears were allayed: the slope was abrupt, and the high ground screened me as before. There would be no danger in passing the place.

As I was about moving on, an idea arrested me; and I paused to regard the gully with a look of greater interest. It offered me an advantage.

I had been troubled about the position in which I had left my horse. Should I succeed in getting back, of course it would be under the pressure of a hot pursuit, and my steed was not conveniently placed; his back was below the level of the bank. He might easily be mounted, but how should I get out of the bed of the stream. Only by a desperate leap might he reach the plain above; and he might fail in the effort—time might be lost, when time and speed would be most wanted.

I had been troubled with this thought; it need trouble me no longer. The "crossing" afforded easy access either to or from the channel of *the river—the very thing I wanted.*

I was not slow to profit by the discovery. I turned back, and having released the rein, led my horse gently up to the break.

Choosing a spot under the highest part of the bank, I fastened, him as before, and there left him.

I now moved with more ease and confidence, but with increased caution. I was getting too near to risk making the slightest noise in the water; a single plash might betray me.

It was my intention to keep in the channel, until I had passed the point where the horses were staked; by so doing, I should avoid crossing the line of the horse guards, and what was quite as important, that of the horses themselves, for I was equally apprehensive of being discovered by the latter. Once inside their circle, they would take no notice of me, for doubtless there would be other Indians within sight; and I trusted to my well-counterfeited semblance of savagery to deceive the eyes of the equine sentinels.

I did not wish to go far beyond their line; that would bring me in front of the camp itself—too near its fires and its idle groups.

I had noticed before starting, that there was a broad belt between the place occupied by the men, and that where their horses were staked. This "neutral" ground was little used by the camp loungers, and somewhere on the edge of it I was desirous of making my *entree*.

I succeeded to my utmost wishes. Closely hugging the bank, I passed the browsing mustangs; under their very noses I glided past, for I could hear them munching the herbage right over me; but so silently did I steal along that neither snort nor hoof stroke heralded my advance.

In a few minutes, I was sufficiently beyond them to make halt.

I raised my head; slowly and gently I raised it, till my eyes were above the level of the prairie slope. No one was near. I could see the swarthy savages grouped around their fires; but they were a hundred yards off, or more. They were capering, and talking, and laughing; but no ear was bent, and no eye seemed turned towards me. No one was near.

I grasped the bank with my hands, and drew myself up. Slowly and silently I ascended, like some demon from the dark trap-door of a stage. On my knees, I reached the level of the turf; and, then gently rising to my feet, I stood erect within the limits of the Indian camp—to all appearance as complete a savage as any upon the ground!

CHAPTER XCII.

COUP D'ŒIL OF THE CAMP.

For some minutes I stood motionless as a statue; I stirred neither hand nor foot, lest the movement should catch the eye either of the horse-guards or those moving around the fires. I had already donned my plumed head-dress, before climbing out of the channel; my first thought was to replace my pistols in the belt behind my back. The movement was stealthily made; and with like stealthy action, I suffered the mantle of jaguar-skins to drop from my shoulders and hang to its full length. I had saved the robe from getting wet; and its ample skirt now served me in concealing my soaked breech cloth as well as the upper half of my leggings. These and the moccasins were, of course, saturated with water, but I had not much uneasiness about that. In a prairie camp, and upon the banks of a deep stream, an Indian with wet leggings could not be a spectacle to excite suspicion; there would be many reasons why my counterpart might choose to immerse his copper-colored extremities in the river. Moreover, the buckskin—dressed Indian fashion—was speedily casting the water; it would soon drip dry, or even if wet, would scarcely be observed under such a light.

The spot where I had "landed" chanced to be one of the least conspicuous in the whole area of the camp. I was just between two lights—the red glare of the camp-fires, and the mellower beams of the moon; and the atmospheric confusion occasioned by the meeting of the distinct kinds of light favored me, by producing a species of optical delusion. It was but slight, and I could easily be seen from the centre of the camp, but not with sufficient distinctness for my disguise to be penetrated by any one—therefore, it was hardly probable that any of the savages would approach or trouble their heads about me. I might pass for one of themselves indulging in a solitary saunter, yielding himself to a moment of abstraction or melancholy. I was well enough acquainted with Indian life to know that there was nothing *outre* or unlikely in this behavior; such conduct was perfectly *en regle*.

I did not remain long on that spot—only long enough to catch the salient features of the scene. I saw there were many fires, and around each was grouped a number of human forms—some squatted, some standing. The night was cold enough to make them draw near to the burning logs; and for this reason, but few were wandering about—a fortunate circumstance for me.

There was one fire larger than the rest; from its dimensions, it might be termed a bonfire, such as is made by the flattering and flunkeyish peasantry of old-world lands when they welcome home the squire and the count. It was placed directly in front of the solitary tent, and not a dozen paces from its entrance. Its blazing pile gave forth a flood of red light that reached even to the spot where I stood, and flickered in my face. I even fancied I could feel its warmth upon my cheeks.

Around this fire were many forms of men—all of them standing up. I could see the faces of those who were upon its further side, but only the figures of those on the nearer. The former I could see with almost as much distinctness as if I had been close beside them. I could trace the lineaments of their features—the printed devices on their breasts and faces—the style of their habiliments.

The sight of these last somewhat astonished me. I had expected to see red skinned warriors in leggings, moccasins, and breech-cloth, with heads naked or plumed, and shoulders draped under brown robes of buffalo-skin. Some such there were, but not all of them were so costumed; on the contrary, I beheld savages shrouded in serapes and cloaks of broadcloth, with calzoneros on their legs, and upon their heads huge hats of black glaze—regular Mexican sombreros! In short, I beheld numbers of them in full Mexican costume!

Others, again, were dressed somewhat in a military fashion, with helmets or stiff shakos, ill-fighting uniform coats of red or blue cloth, oddly contrasting with the brown buckskin that covered their legs and feet.

With some astonishment, I observed these "fancy dresses;" but my surprise passed away, when I reflected as to who were the men before me, and whence they had lately come; where they had been, and on what errand. It was no travesty, but a scene of actual life. The savages were clad in the spoils they had captured from civilization.

I need not have been at such pains with my toilet; under any guise, I could scarcely have looked odd in the midst of such a motley crew; even my own uniform might have passed muster—all except the color of my skin.

Fortunately, a few of the band still preserved their native costume—a few appeared in full paint and plumes—else I should have been *too Indian* for such a company.

It cost not a minute to note these peculiarities, nor did I stay to observe them minutely; my eyes were in search of Isolina.

I cast inquiring glances on all sides; I scrutinised the groups around the different fires; I saw others—women—whom I knew to be captives, but I saw not her.

I scanned their forms and the faces of those who were turned towards me. A glance would have been enough; I could easily have recognized her face under the firelight—under any light. It was not before me.

A SPY IN THE COUNCIL.

"In the tent—in the tent; she must be there?"

I hastened to move away from the spot where I had hitherto been standing. My eye, quickened by the necessity of action, had fallen upon the copse that covered the entire background of the camp. At a glance I detected the advantage offered by its shadowy cover.

The tent was placed close to the edge of the timber; and in front of the tent, as already stated, was the great fire. Plainly, this was the gravitating point—the centre of motive and motion. If aught of interest was to be enacted, there would lie the scene. In the lodge or near it would she be found—certainly she must be there; and there I resolved to seek her.

CHAPTER XCIII.

A FRIENDLY ENCOUNTER.

Just then the shrill voice of a crier pealed through the camp, and I observed an unusual movement. I could not make out what the man said, but the peculiar intonation told that he was uttering some signal or summons. Something of interest was about to transpire.

The Indians now commenced circling around the blazing pile, meeting and passing each other, as if threading the mazes of some silent and solemn dance. Others were seen hastening up from distant parts of the camp, as if to observe the actions of those around the fire, or join with them in the movement.

I did not wait to watch them; their attention thus occupied, gave me an opportunity of reaching the copse unobserved, and, without further ado, I started towards it.

I walked slowly, and with an assumed air of careless indifference. I counterfeited the Comanche walk—not that bold free port—the magnificent and inimitable stride, so characteristic of Chippewa and Shawano, of Huron and Iroquois—but the shuffling gingery step of an English jockey, for such in reality is the gait of the Comanche Indian when afoot.

I must have played my part well. A savage, crossing from the horse-guards towards the great fire, passed near me, and hailed me by name:

"*Wakona!*" cried he.

"*Que cosa?*" (Well—what matter?) I replied in Spanish, imitating as well as I could the Indian voice and accent. It was a venture, but I was taken at a straight, and could not well remain silent.

The man appeared some little surprised at being addressed in the language of Mexico; nevertheless, he understood it, and made rejoinder.

"You hear the summons, Wakono? Why do you not come forward? The council meets; Hissoo-royo is already there."

I understood what was said, more from the Indian's gestures than his speech, though the words "summons," "council," and the name "Hissoo-royo," helped me to comprehend his meaning. I chanced to know the Comanche epithets for the two first, and also that Hissoo-royo (the Spanish wolf) was the Indian appellation of the Mexican renegade.

Though I understood what was said, I was not prepared with a reply. I dared not risk the answer in Spanish; for I knew not the extent of Wakono's proficiency in the Andalusian tongue.

I felt myself in a dilemma; and the importunate savage—no doubt some friend of Wakono himself—appeared determined to stick to me. How was I to get rid of him?

A happy idea came to my relief. Assuming an air of extreme dignity, and as though I did not wish to be disturbed in my meditations, I raised my hand and waved the man a parting salute; at the same time, I turned my head, and walked slowly away.

The Indian accepted the *congé*, and moved off, but evidently with an air of reluctance. As I glanced back over my shoulder, I could see him parting from the spot, with a hesitating step; no doubt somewhat astonished at the strange behavior of his friend Wakono.

I did not look back again until I had placed myself under the shadow of the timber; then I turned to reconnoitre; my friend had continued on; I saw him just entering among the crowd that circled around the great fire.

Screened from observation by the shadow, I could now pause and reflect. The trifling incident that had caused me some apprehension, had also helped me to some useful knowledge: First, I had learned my own name; second, that a council was about to take place; and thirdly, that the renegade, Hissoo-royo, had something to do with the council.

This was knowledge of importance; combined with my previous information, everything was now made clear. This council could be no other than the jury-trial between the renegade and the yet nameless chief; the same that was to decide to which belonged the right of property in my betrothed. It was about to meet; it had not assembled as yet. Then had I arrived in time.—Neither white savage nor red savage had yet come into possession; neither had dared to lay hand on the coveted and priceless gem.

Isolina was still safe—thus singularly preserved from brutal contact. These dogs in the manger, their mutual jealousy had proved her protection! I was consoled by the thought—strange source of consolation!

I was in time, but where was she? From my new position I had a still better view of the camp, its fires, and its denizens. She was nowhere to be seen!

"In the lodge, then—she must certainly be there—or—" A new thought occurred to me: "She may be kept apart from the other captives?—in the copse—she may be concealed in the copse until the sentence be pronounced?"

This last conjecture brought along with it hopes and resolves. I determined to search the copse. If I should find her there my emprise would be easy indeed; at all events, easier than I had anticipated. Though guarded by the savages, I should rescue her from their grasp. The lives of six men—perhaps twice that number—were under my belt. The odds of unarmed numbers would be nothing against the deadly bullets from my revolvers, and I saw that most of the savages had laid aside their weapons, confident in the security of their camp.

But I might find her alone, or perhaps with but a single jailor. The meeting of the council favored the supposition. The men would all be there—some to take part—others interested in the result, or merely from curiosity to watch the proceedings. Yes, *all* of them would have an interest in the issue—too surely all. The barbarous custom of these savage brutes at that moment came to my remembrance! I stayed no longer to reflect; but gliding into the grove, commenced my search for the captive.

The ground was favorable to my progress: there was not much underwood, and the trees grew thinly; I could easily pass among them without the necessity of crouching, and without making noise. The silent tread of the moccasin was in my favor, as also the dark, shadowy foliage that stretched overhead, hiding the sky from my view.

The chief timber of the copse was the pecan hickory—almost an evergreen—and the trees were still in full leaf; only here and there, where the trunks stood far apart, did the moonbeams strike through the thick frondage. The surface of the ground was shrouded from her light, and the narrow aisles through which I passed were as dark as if no moon had been shining.

There was still light enough to reveal some horrid scenes. Oh, Heaven! my heart bleeds at the remembrance.

I was wrong in my conjecture. The men had not all gone to the council; the captive women were not all by the camp-fires. I beheld ruffian men beside their helpless victims—women—fair white women—with drooping heads and listless air—dishevelled—weeping! Oh, Heaven! my heart recoils at the remembrance!

It recoiled at the sight—it burned with indignation. At every turn did it prompt me to draw knife or pistol; at every step my fingers itched to immolate a hideous, paint-besmeared brute—to slay a "noble" savage.

I was restrained only by my own desperate situation—by my apprehension for the safety of Isolina, now more acute than ever. What horrid imaginings crowded into my brain, begotten by the barbarous drama that was being enacted around me.

The monsters, too earnestly occupied with their captives, took no heed of me, and I passed on without interruption.

I threaded the pathways of the grove one after another, gliding through as rapidly as the path would permit; I entered every aisle and glade; I searched everywhere, even to the furthest limits of the wood. I saw more men—more weeping women—more red ruffianism; I saw nought of her for whom I searched.

"In the tent then—she must be there."

I turned my face toward the lodge, and moving with stealthy step, soon arrived among the trees that stood in the rear. I halted near the edge, and separating the leaves with my hands, peered cautiously through. I had no need to search further—Isolina was before my eyes.

CHAPTER XCIV.

THE COUNCIL.

Yes, there was my betrothed—within sight, within hearing, almost within reach of my hands; and I dared not touch, I dared not speak, I scarcely dared look upon her. My fingers trembled among the leaves—my heart rose and fell—I could feel within my breast its strokes, rapid and irregular—I could hear its sonorous vibration.

It was not at the first glance that I saw Isolina. On looking through the leaves, the *coup d'œil* was a scene that quite astonished me, and for awhile occupied my attention. Since I had last gazed upon the great fire, the grouping around it had undergone an entire change; a new tableau was presented, that for the moment held me under a spell of surprise.

The fire no longer blazed, or only slightly, and when stirred; the logs had burned into coals, and now yielded a fainter light, but one more red and garish. It was steady, nevertheless, and the vastness of the pile rendered it strong enough to illumine the camp-ground to its utmost limits.

The fire was still encircled by savages, but no longer standing, nor grouped irregularly, as I had before observed them: on the contrary, they were seated, or rather squatted at equal distances from each other, and forming a ring that girdled the huge mound of embers.

There were about twenty of these men—I did not count them—but I observed that all were in their native costume—leggings, and breech-cloth to the waist—nothing above, save the armlets and shell-ornaments of nose, ears, and neck. All were profusely painted with chalk, ochre, and vermillion. Beyond doubt, I was looking upon the "council."

The other Indians—they in "fancy dresses"—were still upon the ground, but they stood behind, retired a pace or two from the circle, and in groups of two, three, or four, talking in low mutterings. Others were moving about, still at a greater distance from the fire.

My observation of all these features of the scene did not occupy ten seconds of time—just so long as my eyes were getting accustomed to the light. At the end of that interval, my glance rested upon Isolina, and there became fixed. My fingers trembled among the leaves; my heart rose and fell; I could feel within my breast its strokes, rapid and irregular; I could hear its sonorous vibration.

In the chain of Indians that encircled the fire, there was a break—an interval of ten or a dozen feet. It was directly in front of the lodge, and above the fire; for the ground gently sloped from the tent towards the stream. In this spot the captive was seated. Her situation was exactly between the lodge and the fire, and a little retired behind the circle of the council. The tent intervening between her and my position, had prevented me from seeing her at first.

She was half seated, half reclining upon a robe of wolf-skins. I saw that her arms were free; I saw that her limbs were bound. Her back was to the tent, her face turned towards the council. I could not see it.

To recognize my betrothed, I did not need to look upon her face; her matchless form, outlined against the red embers, was easily identified. The full round curve of the neck—the oval lines of the head—the majestic sweep of the shoulders—the arms smooth and symmetrical—all these were familiar to my eyes, for oft had they dwelt on them in admiration. I could not be mistaken; the form before me was that graven upon my heart—it was Isolina's.

There was another salient point in this singular tableau, that could not escape observation. Beyond the fire, and directly opposite to where Isolina was placed, I saw another well-known object—the white steed! He was not staked there, but haltered and held in hand by one of the Indians. He must have been lately brought upon the ground, for from neither of my former points of observation had I noticed him. He, like his mistress, was to be put on trial—his ownership was also a matter of dispute.

There was in sight one more object that interested me—not with friendly interest did I regard it—but with disgust and indignation. Not seated in the council ring, not standing among the idle groups, but apart from all, I beheld Hissoo-royo the renegade. Savage as were the red warriors, fiend-like as they appeared with their paint-smeared visages, not one looked so savage or fiend-like as he.

The features of this man were naturally bad; but the paint—for he had adopted this with every other vile custom of barbarian life—rendered their expression positively ferocious. The device upon his forehead was a death's-head and cross-bones, done in white chalk, and upon his breast appeared the well imitated semblance of a bleeding scalp—the appropriate symbols of a cruel disposition.

There was something unnatural in a white skin thus disfigured; for the native complexion was not hidden; here and there it could be perceived forming the ground of the motley elaboration—its pallid hue in strange contrast with the deeper colors that daubed it. It was not the canvass for such a picture.

Yet there the picture was—in red and yellow, black, white, and blue; there stood the deep dyed villain.

I saw not his rival; I looked for him, but saw him not. Perhaps he was one of those who stood around?—perhaps he had not yet come up? He was the son of the head-chief—perhaps he was inside the lodge? The last was the most probable conjecture.

The great calumet was brought forward and lit by the fire; it was passed around the circle, from mouth to mouth, each savage satisfying himself with a single draw from its tube. I knew that this was the inauguration of the council. The trial was about to proceed.

CHAPTER XCV.

MEASURING THE CHANCES.

The situation in which I was placed by chance, could not have been better had I deliberately chosen it. I had under my eyes the council fire and council, the group around—in short, the whole area of the camp.

What was of equal importance, I could see without being seen. Along the edge of the copse there extended a narrow belt of shadow, similar to that which had favored me while in the channel, and produced by a like cause—for the stream and the selvedge of the grove were parallel to each other. The moonbeams fell obliquely upon the grove, and under the thick foliage of the pecans I was well screened from their light behind, while the lodge covered me from the glare of the fire in front.

I could not have been better placed for my purpose. I saw the advantage of the position, and resolved therefore to abide in it.

The observations and reflections thus given in detail occupied me but a few minutes of time. Thought is quick, and at that crisis mine was more than usually on the alert. Almost instantaneously did I perceive the points that most interested me, or had reference to my plans; almost instantaneously I had mastered the situation, and I next bent my mind upon the way to take advantage of it.

I saw there was but one way to proceed; my original scheme must be carried out. Under so many eyes, there was not the slightest chance that the captive could be stolen away; she must be taken openly, and by a bold stroke. Of this was I convinced.

The question arose, when should I make the

attempt? At that moment? She was not ten paces from where I stood! Could I rush forward, and with my knife set free her limbs? Might we then get off before the savages could fling themselves upon us?

Hopeless—impossible. She was too near them; she was too near the renegade who claimed her as his property. He was standing almost over her, within distance of a single leap. In his belt was the long triangular blade, the Spanish knife. He could have cut me down ere I could have severed a cord of her fastenings. The attempt would fail; success was hopeless—impossible. I must wait for a better opportunity; and I waited.

I remembered Rube's last words of counsel, not to act too hastily—and his reasons, that if I must make a "desprit strike for it," to leave the grand coup to the last moment. The circumstances could be no worse then than now.

Under the influence of this idea, I checked my impatience, and waited.

I watched Hissoo-royo; I watched the squatted forms around the fire; I watched the straggling groups behind them. In turn, my eyes wandered from one to the other.

At intervals, too, they rested upon Isolina. Up to this moment I had not seen her countenance; I saw only the reverse of that beautiful image so deeply graven upon my heart. But even then—under that suspense of peril—strange thoughts were passing within me. I felt a singular longing to look upon her face; I remembered the *herredero*.

It pleased fortune to smile upon me. So many little incidents were occurring in my favor, that I began to believe the fates propitious, and my hopes of success were growing stronger apace. Just then the captive turned her head, and her face was towards me. There was no mark on that fair brow; that soft cheek was without a scar; the delicate skin was intact, smooth, and diaphanous as ever. The herredero had been merciful!

Perhaps something had occurred to interrupt or hinder him from his horrid work? Would that the matador had met with a similar interruption! I could not tell—those profuse clusters covered all—neck, bosom, and shoulders were hidden under the dark dishevelment. I could not tell, but I did not dare to hope. Cyprio had seen the blood!

It was but a momentary glance, and her face was again turned away. At intervals she repeated it, and I saw that she looked in other directions. I could note the uneasiness of her manner; I could tell why those glances were given; I knew her design. Oh, for one word in her hearing—one whisper!

It might not be; she was too closely watched. Jealous eyes were upon her; savage hearts were gloating over her beauty. No word could have reached her that would not have been heard by others—by all around the fire—for the silence was profound. The "council" had not yet essayed to speak.

The stillness was at length broken by the voice of a crier, who in a shrill tone proclaimed that the "council was in session."

There was something so ceremonious in the whole proceedings, and every movement was made with such regularity, that but for the open air, the fire, the wild savage costumes, and fierce painted faces, I might have fancied myself in the presence of a civilised court, and witnessing a trial by jury. It was in effect just such a trial, though judge there was none. The members of the jury were themselves the judges, for in the simplicity of such primitive litigation, each was presumed to understand the law without an interpreter.

Pleaders, too, were equally absent; each plaintiff and defendant—was expected to plead his own case. Such is the simple fashion in the high court of the prairies—a fashion which might elsewhere be adopted with advantage.

The name of "Hissoo-royo" pealed loud upon the air. The crier was calling him into court—another parallel with the customs of civilization.

Three times the name was pronounced—at each repetition in a shriller and louder tone than before.

The man might have spared his voice; he who was summoned was upon the spot, and ready to answer. Before the echo died away, the renegade uttered a loud response; and stepping to an open space within the ring, halted, drew himself up to his full height, folded his arms, and in this attitude stood waiting.

At this crisis the thought occurred to me, whether I should rush forward, and at once decide the fate of myself and my betrothed. The seated warriors appeared to be all unarmed; and the renegade—whose hand I most regarded—was now further off, having gone round to the opposite side of the fire. The situation was favorable, and for a moment I stood bending upon the spring.

But my eye fell upon the spectators in the back-ground; many of them were directly in the way I should have to take; I saw that many of them carried weapons—either in their hands, or upon their persons—and that Hissoo-royo himself was still too near.

I could never fight my way against such odds. I could not break such a line—it would be madness to attempt it. Rube's counsel was again ringing in my ears; and once more I abandoned the rash design.

CHAPTER XCVI.

THE WHITE-HAIRED CHIEF.

There was an interval of silence—a dramatic pause—that lasted for more than a minute. It was ended by one of the council rising to his feet, and by a gesture inviting Hissoo royo to speak.

The renegade began:

"Red warriors of the Hietan! brothers! what I have to say before the council will not require many words. I claim yonder Mexican girl as my captive, and therefore as my own. Who denies my right? I claim the white horse as mine—my prize fairly taken."

The speaker paused, as if to wait for further commands from the council.

"Hissoo royo has spoken his claim to the Mexican maiden and the white steed. He has not said upon what right he rests it. Let him declare his right in presence of the council!"

This was said by the same Indian who had made the gesture, and who appeared to direct the proceedings. He was not acting by any superior authority, which he may have possessed, but merely by reason of his being the oldest of the party. Among the Indians, age gives precedence.

"Brothers!" said Hissoo-royo, in obedience to the command, "my claim is just—of that you are to be the judges; I know your true hearts—you will not shut them against justice. I need not read to you your own law, that he who makes a captive has the right to keep it—to do with it as he will. This is the law of your tribe—of my tribe as well, for yours is mine."

Grunts of approbation caused a momentary interruption in the speech.

"Hietans!" resumed the speaker, "my skin is white, but my heart is the color of your own. You did me the honor to adopt me into your nation; you honored me by making me first a warrior, and afterwards a war-chief. Have I ever given you cause to regret what you have done? Have I ever betrayed your trust?"

A volley of exclamations indicated a response in the negative.

"I have confidence, then, in your love of justice and truth; I have no fear that the color of my skin will blind your eyes, for you all know the color of my heart."

Fresh signs of approbation followed this adroit stroke.

"Then, brothers! listen to my cause: I claim the maiden and the horse. I need not tell where they were found, and how; your own eyes were witnesses of their capture. There has been talk of a doubt as to who made it, for many horsemen were in the pursuit. I deny that there is any doubt. My lazo was first over the head of the horse—was first tightened around his throat—first brought him to a stand. To take the horse was to take the rider. It was my deed; both are my captives. I claim both as my property. Who is he that disputes my claim? Let him stand forth!"

Having delivered this challenge with a defiant emphasis, the speaker fell back into his former attitude, and, once more folding his arms, remained silent and immobile.

Another pause followed, which was again terminated by a sign from the old warrior who had first spoken. This gesture was directed to the crier, who the moment after, raising his loud, shrill voice, called out:

"*Wakono!*"

The name caused me to start as if struck by an arrow. It was my own appellation: I was Wakono!

It was pronounced thrice, each time louder than the preceding:

"Wakono! Wakono! Wakono!"

A light flashed upon me. Wakono was the rival claimant! He whose breech-cloth was around my hips, whose robe hung from my shoulders, whose plumed bonnet adorned my head, whose pigments disfigured my face—he of the red hand upon his breast, and the cross upon his brow, was no other than Wakono!

I cannot describe the singular sensation I felt at this discovery. I was in a perilous position indeed. My fingers trembled among the leaves. I released the branchlets, and let them close up before my face; I dared not trust myself to look forth.

For some moments I stood still and silent, but not without trembling. I could not steady my nerves under such a dread agitation.

I listened, but looked not. There was an interval of breathless silence—no one seemed to stir or speak—they were waiting the effect of the summons.

Once more the voice of the crier was heard pronouncing in triple repetition: "Wakono! Wakono! Wakono!"

Again followed an interval of silence; but I could hear low mutterings of surprise and disappointment as soon as it was perceived that the Indian did not answer to his name.

I alone knew the reason of his absence; I knew that Wakono could not—the true Wakono—that his counterfeit could not come.

Though I had undertaken to personate the savage chieftain, for this act in the drama I was not prepared. The stage must wait.

Even at that moment I was sensible of the ludicrousness of the situation; so extreme was it, that even at that moment of direst peril, I felt a half inclination for laughter! But the feeling was easily checked; and once more parting the branches, I ventured to look forth.

I saw there was some confusion. Wakono had been reported "missing." The members of the council still preserved both their seats and stoical composure; but the younger warriors behind were uttering harsh ejaculations, and moving about from place to place with that restless air that betokens at once surprise and disappointment.

At this crisis, an Indian was seen emerging from the tent. He was a man of somewhat venerable aspect, though venerable more from age than any positive expression of virtue. His cheeks were furrowed by time, and his hair white as bleached flax—a rare sight among Indians.

There was something about this individual that bespoke him a person of authority. Wakono was the son of the chief—the chief, then, should be an old man. This must be he!

I had no doubt of it, and my conjecture proved to be correct.

The white-haired Indian stepped forward to the edge of the ring, and with a wave of his hand commanded silence.

He was instantly obeyed. The murmurings ceased, and all placed themselves in fixed attitudes to listen. (CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

☞ It was the custom with the Gymnosophists every day at dinner to examine their disciples how they had spent the morning; and every one was obliged to show that he had discharged some good office, practised some virtue, or improved in some part of learning. If nothing of this appeared, he was sent back without his dinner. A mighty good institution surely? Pity but it could be revived and practised in *College Halls*.

☞ There are some men whom nothing but hell fire flashing in their faces can rouse from sin and sensuality, as I have seen a fellow driving a fat boar with a lantern and a bundle of straw, to burn a whisp under his nose as often as he lay down in the mire: when he feels his beard singed, he gets up and goes forward.

☞ Cheerfulness is the daughter of *employment*: and I have known a man come home in *high spirits* from a funeral, merely because he had had the management of it.

CHASED BY A BULL.

The editor of the Auburn *American* recently attended a trial of mowers and reapers, and while examining an orchard adjoining the meadow in which the trial took place, experienced a *trial* of quite another description. In fact, he was chased by a bull. His description of the affair is too good to be lost:

"That bull was one of them. He was monarch of all he could eat, chase, or gore. Being deeply interested in the apple crop, we wandered out of the field in which the mowing was going on, into friend Shotwell's orchard. Fat and handsome blooded cows were lying about, chewing their cuds, and utterly indifferent as to what was going on. We wandered on from tree to tree, in the large orchard, and while critically examining some very fine looking fruit, was suddenly and rather unpleasantly startled from our train of thought, by the bellowing of Mr. Taurus, whose majesty had been reclining, and of whose august presence we were unaware. He elevated his tail, and made the earth fly with his 'awful paws,' and having thus manifested his hostility, and given tone, if not color, to his idea, that we were an interloper, made a plunge towards us. A moment's view of our antagonist was just about enough. He had a tremendous front. His eyes flashed fire. He roared like a 'Bull of Bashan.' We did not at all fancy the style of his horns. They were straight as needles, and about as sharp. He exhibited an unmistakeable desire to employ them upon us.

"Knowing that it was expected of us to report the test trial going on in another field, we remembered the prior and pressing interests of our friends, so did Mr. Bull. We scampered. He scampered. He 'made better time' than we could 'bottom out.' He gained on us rapidly. We could almost feel his hot breath on the back of our neck. It was neck or nothing. Fence twenty rods off! Bull five rods! Tight race! No bets! Bull in high spirits! Gave up for a 'goner!' No such thing! Friendly apple tree, with low branches! Clutched two of them and lifted our precious body into the tree! Taurus arrived just as we cleared the ground! Pawed and roared horribly—Taurus did! We attempted to reason with him. No sort of use! He was obstinate and hard of heart. Evidently a great scamp. We eyed him. He eyed us. Good sight for both of us. Being in the newspaper line, we are in favor of the earliest publication of important news, but we confess that the *Bull-let-in* contemplated on this occasion, shocked our sense of propriety. And the fact that we were treed, illustrated our antipathy to practising the peculiar feat of 'taking the bull by the horns.' In this case it would assuredly have been a horn too much.' So

"Mr. Editor, he
Did climb the tree,
The bull to see.

"Our enemy pawed around the tree, bellowing after the manner of 'Boanerges, the son of thunder,' glared at us, and finally walked off the distance of three trees. Thinking all was right, we slid down heroically, and 'put' for the crazy old rail fence. The distance from tree to bull, and from tree to fence, was just about an even thing. But our assailant saw the movement, and once again the chase was a hot one. But this time we distanced the 'horned critter,' and, scaling the fence, landed in a field of rye about the same moment that our pursuer's horns stuck the top rails of the fence, and sent them flying. Separated by the fence, we read the scoundrel a lecture that we hope he will remember to his last moments. We made all due allowance in his case for the excitement caused by the hub bub of the mowing and reaping affair, but, nevertheless, concluded that he was a great scamp.

A POLITICIAN ON THE BIBLE.

The Bedford (Me.) Journal tells a good story of the Hon. Nathan Clifford, Ex-Attorney General of the United States, Ex-Minister to Mexico, &c., and now the dispenser of the national patronage for and within the State of Maine. It will be recollected that Mr. Clifford was counsel for Knight, whose trial for murder at Lewiston, last winter, excited considerable attention; but it may not be generally known that, as an advocate, it is doubtful whether prolixity or pomposity is his strong point. But in the case alluded to, when he was about in the middle of his "wide waste" of argument, in order to clench a very improbable hypothesis of his invention, he remarked, with portentous solemnity and great emphasis, "Secret things belong to God."

At this point, says the Journal, the learned counsel laid down the brief, took his spectacles, and thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, observed to the Court that he was indebted to his Honor, Judge Rice, for this thought, who, at the trial, reminded him that it was the language of Hon. Peleg Sprague, in concluding his argument for Sagar.

Deeply impressed with its forcible language, as well as with the originality of the idea, he, Mr. Clifford, suspected that it must have been borrowed by Mr. Sprague, and now having devoted some time to the investigation, he was happy to state to the honorable Court that he had traced the quotation to its source. By diligently searching the authorities, he had ascertained that the language was first used by "My Lord Hale, in his pleas to the crown," referring the court to the volume and page.

This was too much for the County Attorney, Mr. Goddard, one of the opposing counsel, who interposed, "Oh, Mr. Clifford, that is the Bible. You will find it in Deuteronomy, chap. 29, v. 29." Taken unawares at this unexpected correction, Mr. Clifford turned to Mr. G. and said, "Young man, you are getting very nervous. I do not want to be interrupted in this way."

The gravity of the court relaxed for a moment at this unexpected view of the case, and it was some moments before the learned counsel resumed the thread of his argument, so incontinently broken by the untimely correction of Mr. Goddard.

A SUPERSTITION REMOVED.—A "Sub-Editor of Twenty Years' Standing" (for the Editor's shoes?) says that when Luther threw the inkstand at the head of the Devil, it must have been the Printer's Devil, who had doubtlessly been for hours dancing about his elbow, bothering him for "copy!"—*Punch*.

BOTS.

In the summer months, a fly is seen busily engaged darting about the horse, depositing its eggs, which adhere to the hair of the horse by means of a glutinous fluid, with which they are covered. The animal breaks them with his tongue in licking himself, and a small insect escapes and is taken into the stomach, where it fastens itself to the cuticular or insensible coat of the stomach, by means of two hooks—"one on each side of its mouth." (Youatt on the Horse.) The hooks are on its tail, the head hangs pendulous on the stomach. (Scavington's Modern Farrier.) When doctors disagree disciples then are free. They remain there and grow until the following spring, when they lose their hold, and pass off through the alimentary canal, when they take shelter in the ground, and after a few weeks appear in the form of a fly.

Hardly a horse falls sick but these creatures are charged with the mischief by some ignorant people; yet the horse enjoys the most perfect health while his stomach is full of them. Mr. Bracey Clarke says he thinks they benefit by stimulating the stomach and increasing the digestive powers of the animal. If this be the case, they are sometimes dilatory in the discharge of their duty in the opinion of the writer, who thinks he has seen cases where it would be a good idea to administer a few, could they be obtained. Mr. Youatt thinks they cannot give the animal any pain while they inhabit the stomach; that they feed on the mucus of the stomach. Mr. Scavington says that they feed on the food of the horse, and sometimes taking more than their share, and the animal loses condition.

Doctor Dadd says he has heard wonderful stories of their burrowing through the stomach, but denies it *in toto*. Mr. Blain affirms that the symptoms would be the same as other worms. They cannot be destroyed in the stomach; they live in olive oil or spirits of turpentine for hours; the strongest acids do not immediately destroy them. They cannot be removed from the stomach by medicine; they are not in that part of the stomach to which medicine is conveyed; and yet we hear people tell of their letting go their hold to eat milk and molasses, when before they know it they can be hurried out of the stomach by some cathartic. But supposing the hooks to be as Mr. Scavington says, they may eat whatever they choose, and yet retain their hold in perfect safety. Do you ask what is to be done with them? We answer, our way is to let them alone, nor do we believe they often injure the horse to any serious extent, that most of the cases said to be bots at work, are cases of colic or inflammation of the bowels, and might usually be relieved by proper means. It is a frequent thing to find them in the stomach in making examinations after death from other diseases, but there is no evidence, so far as the writer knows, of their destroying the life of the horse. The stomach and intestines are sometimes ruptured from other causes, and it has been laid to bots, but it yet remains to be proved; and the practice of torturing the sick animal with medicine to destroy bots is detestable. It is like boring the horns of cattle for the imaginable disease of horn distemper, and burning the roof of the horse's mouth to cure the lampas, and cutting the bladders out of the feet for ringbone, and cutting off cattle's tails for tailsoak—all of which is the meanest quackery, and deserves the condemnation of every humane and intelligent man.

E. T. WOOD.

—*Northampton (Mass.) Gazette, July 21.*

STRANGE DEATH-WARNING.

Dr. Westphal, a clergyman of Brunswick, died on the 20th of February, in the year 1847. Many persons intimate with the deceased allege, that for several years past he had looked forward to the 20th of February, 1847, as the day of his death. This superstitious presentiment he accounted for as follows:—He declared that, whilst he was officiating as pastor of a secluded country village, he was aroused one night by a knocking at his door. On rising from his bed and looking out of his chamber window, he perceived a man with a lantern in his hand. Supposing that some sick or dying person required his spiritual aid, he hastily dressed himself and opened the door. To his questions the man replied only by signs, indicating his wish that Dr. Westphal should follow him. The doctor did so; and, to his astonishment, was conducted through the church-yard, and to the front of the church door. On the door he saw distinctly written the following words:—"Dr. Westphal, died February 20th, 1847." Whilst he stood intently gazing on this inscription his conductor disappeared.—The doctor made some marks on the church door, and these marks were visible next day when he went to look for them, a fact which served to convince him that he had not been under the delusion of a dream. He communicated these circumstances to his family, to whom, for several years past, the month of February has been an interval of grief and anxiety. Whether from the effects of nervous excitement, or from whatever cause, it is impossible to determine, but Dr. Westphal expired on the day to which he had long confidently looked forward as the last of his existence—the 20th February, 1847.—*Allgemeine Zeitung.*

THE BROKER AND HIS DOG—REMARKABLE CASE OF CANINE SAGACITY.—A certain broker had a dog, remarkable for its intelligence. Every Saturday morning the dog received from its master a one-dollar bill, which it carried carefully to market and with which it paid its meat bill for the week. One day, through press of business, the broker neglected to give Beppo his customary allowance, and through street and warehouse, mart and exchange, the dog followed his master, who wondered at such unusual attendance. At last snugly ensconced in his office chair, the broker had time to recollect the cause of honest Beppo's pertinacity, and, carefully taking a bill from his pocket, he threw it to the dog, expecting to see him depart as usual. But to his surprise and annoyance, the dog, placing his fore-paw upon the note, gave four sharp barks in rapid succession, and continued this interesting performance until his master angrily snatched up the note, and found the cause of the noise explained—*the bill was at a discount of four per cent!—New Brunswick, (N. J.) Times and Union, July 23.*

☞ It is one thing to pray that we may learn *what is right*, and another to pray that we may *find ourselves in the right*.

RECONCILIATION.

As through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out—my wife and I—
Oh, we fell out! I knew not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There, above the little grave,—
Oh, there, above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears!

—*Tennyson.*

A MOST PALPABLE HIT.—The Massachusetts Legislature is at present engaged in districting the State, a task, as it appears, of no little difficulty. The labor of the legislative mountain prompts that fine humorist, B. P. Shillaber, to administer, in the *Boston Gazette*, the following Partingtonian hint, which has a very wide application:

Mrs. Partington to-day went to the State House, and after remaining there a short time, came out in a great excitement, swinging her umbrella as though she were full of an immense idea. We met her on the portico. "What's up?" we asked, pointing in the direction of the Senate chamber. "Up stairs," said Ike, who was carving his name on a seat. Turning to the dame, we asked what the trouble was. "Trouble," said she, "why the Stentors up there are trying to divide the State among 'em, and can't do it. I have always heard that give men power and they'd try to get everything in their own hands. Divide the State, indeed! Share it among 'em, I suppose." We assured her that it was merely a political division. "Well," said she, "that's easy enough done—Isaac can do that. Isaac, suppose you had an apple that you wanted to divide among twelve boys, how would you do it?" "Cut it up into twelve pieces, and count myself five." "Ah!" said she, "you're just like the Stentors; they all of 'em want more than their share." The wanting more than their share is the cause of all the trouble.

EXPRESSIVE.—A Georgia paper tells the following with characteristic unction:—

"A lady, formerly a resident of Georgia, very much discontented with Mississippi life, and longing to return to her native land, was shouting at a camp-meeting last year, and became so excessively happy that she exclaimed, 'Glory to God, I feel like I was in Georgey!'"

GREEN HAIR.—The Bulletin Therapeutique contains the curious case of a worker in metals, who has wrought in copper only five months, and whose hair, which was lately white, has now turned to a decided green. Chemical analysis has proved that his hair contains a considerable quantity of acetate of copper, and it is to this circumstance that it owes its change of color.

☞ A little fellow, from four to five years old, having perforated the knees of his trowsers, was intensely delighted with a patch his mother had applied. He would sit and gaze on it in a state of remarkable admiration, and in one of these moods suddenly exclaimed—"Grandma must put one on t'other knee and two behind, like Eddy Smith's."

☞ Here is an old epigram in two lines—or rather an epitaph—sharp enough to wake up the vixen, if she was not *very* dead indeed:

"Here lies my wife Polly, a terrible shrew,
If I said I was sorry, then I should lie, too!"

☞ Philosophy is the account which the human mind gives to itself of the constitution of the world.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '62	109	—
" " '67	115¼	—
" " '68	110½	—
" 5 " '85	103	—
Phila 6 pr ct	88¾	89½
" " new	95	95½
" 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	90	90
Pitts 6 pr ct	69	72
" 5 " coupon	74½	75
Allg'y city 6 pr ct	62½	63
" " county	60	65½
Alle sio RR 6's	68	70
Penn		
" 5 "	84½	84½
" " coupon	87	88
Penn 6 pr ct	84½	85
" " coupon	74	74
Kentucky 6 pr ct	101	101½
Penn RR 6 pr ct	90½	90
2d m'rt loan '83	85	86
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	70	73
P G & N RR "	90	92½
Reading RR "	78	80
" " m'rt "	85	90
H & Lan RR "	87	88
Cha Val RR "	36	37½
Tioga RR "	73	75
Phil W & Bal		
'60 RR 6 pr ct	85	85½
Long I RR "	86½	77
Sch Nav '82 "	64½	64½
Lehigh Nav "	92	92½
Mort "	91	93½
C & D C) "	68½	69
Sus & Tid '78 "	55	58
Union Canal	53	60
Will'ms & Elmira		
1st m'rt 7 pr ct	75	76
2d " 7 pr ct	64½	65
Catawissa "	47½	50
North Penns 6 pr ct	201	69
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	80½	100
Penna	45	46½
Bea Meadow	54	54½
North Penns	13½	14½
Phil Ger & Nor	60	60½
Reading	29	29½
Minehill	63	64
Hur & Lan	36	—
Chester Val	66	68
Tioga	19	—
" preferred	35	—
P W & Balt	20½	21½
Long Island	11½	12
Wil'sport & Elmira	19	20
Catawissa	13½	12½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	13	14
" preferred	22½	23
Lehigh Nav	58½	60
Morris consolidated	32	33½
" preferred	32	34
C & Del	60	70
Union	10	10½
Sus & Tidewater	8	8
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	150	155
Penna	113	114
Phila	122½	123½
Far & Mec	65½	64
Commercial	51½	52½
N Liberty	18	20
Mechanics	24	25½
Southwark	20	22
N Pennsylvania	8½	27
Kensington	68	70
Girard	11½	11½
Western	67	67½
Man & Mech	20	30
Commerce	66	68
Tradesman's	65	—
City	50	50½
Consolidation	25	25½
Pittsburg	57	—
M & M Pitts	60	—
Ex'ge Pitts	87	—
Kentucky	108	110
Northern, Ky	115½	120
Louisville, Ky.	112	115½
Farmers, Ky.	103	110
Union, Nash Tenn	101	106
Plant's, Penn.	101	105
Com & R Orleans	71	73
N O Gas Lt	123	127

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 29 South Third Street.
PHILADELPHIA, August 1, 1857.

Pennsylvania.	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis
Relief notes	¼ dis
Lancaster bk	50 dis
Erie City bk	35 dis
Bk of Newcastle	35 dis
New Jersey.	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis
Merch bk Bridgeton	30 dis
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	30 dis
Commercial Bk, Perth Amboy	failed
Delaware.	
Solvent bks	par
Under 5's	¼ dis
Maryland.	
Valley bk Hagerstwn	no sale
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis
Far & Mec bk Kent co	1 dis
District of Columbia.	
Exchange bk	30 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis
New York.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis
8th Avenue bk	¼ dis
Knickerbocker bk	1½ dis
Far bk Onondaga	25 dis
Mer & Man bk Cayuga	30 dis
Ex. bk Buffalo	30 dis
Empire City bk	1½ dis
Central bk	1½ dis
Champlain bk	no sale
Maine.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Bk of Hallowell	3½ dis
Kilsworth bk	40 dis
Maritime bk Bangor	15 dis
Canal bk Seth Chase	no sale
Exchange bk	no sale
Hancock bk	25 dis
New Hampshire.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Lancaster bk	closed
Exeter bk	failed
Vermont.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
South Royalton bk	no sale
Connecticut.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Massachusetts.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Rhode Island.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Bk Repub Providence	20 dis
Canada.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
Zimmerman	no sale
Virginia.	
Solv bks	¼ to 1 dis
Bk of Kanwha	10 dis
Corp'n Alexandria	2 dis
North Carolina.	
Solv bks	¼ to 1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
Georgia.	
Old bks	¼ dis
New bks	2 to 5 dis
Bk Columbus	no sale
Bk of Milledgeville	no sale
Man & Mech bk Columbus	no sale
Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton	no sale
South Carolina.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Alabama.	
Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
Other solv bks	¾ dis
Mississippi.	
All bks	uncertain
Louisiana.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
Ohio.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Bk of Circleville	65 dis
Canal bk	8 dis
Kentucky.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Indiana.	
New solvent bks	2 dis
Scats bk	1 dis
Shawnee bk, Attica,	no sale
Gramercy bk, Lafayette	"
Other bks	5 to 80 dis
Illinois.	
Peoples bk, Carmi	20 dis
Russville bk, Rahville	20 dis
Solvent bks	2½ dis
Stock Security bk	30 dis
Missouri.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Tennessee.	
Bk of East Tenn	no sale
River Bank	no sale
Solv bks	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
Central bk	no sale
New bks	3 to 5 dis
Michigan.	
Solv bks	2 dis
Arkansas.	
All bks	no sale
Wisconsin.	
Solv bks	2 dis
Texas.	
Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston	5 dis

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The depressed and downward tendency of the Flour market noted for weeks past still continues. There has been little or no export demand, and with moderate receipts and increased supplies of Wheat, together with a material decline in the price of that article, the inclination of prices has been in favor of buyers. The sales for shipment comprise 18,000 bbls at $6 50@7 4⅝ bbl for standard and good brands, closing at the former rate; $7,4@7,75 for extra; $7,87½ for Brandywine; $8,25 for extra family and $8,44 for middlings. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been limited within the range of these prices for common and extra brands, and $8@8,50 for extra family and fancy brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been very limited, but the stocks are very small, and holders have succeeded in realizing former quotations. Small sales of the former at $4,75, and the latter at $3,90 ⅌ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have materially increased since our last notice, but there has been very little inquiry, and prices have declined 2@3c ⅌ bush from the highest point. Sales of 25,000 bush at $1,60@1,61 for red, and $1,82@1,70 for white—closing at $1,60@1,65 for red and $1,70@1 75 for white. Rye is lower, and 16,000 bush Penna sold at 95c@$1. Corn was in good demand early in the week, but since it has fallen off, and the supplies having increased, prices have receded 1c ⅌ bush. Sales of 10@12,000 bush yellow at 89@90c, including 1000 bushels white on private terms, and some damaged yellow at 87c. Oats are dull and lower; 10,000 bush sold at 50@55c, closing at the latter—including some inferior old and good new at 48@50c.

PROVISIONS—The demand for all kinds has been limited, but with small supplies, and very reduced stocks, prices are well maintained. Small sales of Mess Pork at $24,50 ⅌ bbl, 60 days; and 100 bbls Thin Mess at the close of last week, at $22,5 n.c, and unin pected at $22. Prices of Beef are steady, at $10@10,50, but the sales are only for ship stores. Bacon—The demand has been quite limited and only 50 casks have been sold, in lots, at 12@13c, for Hams; 12½c for Sides, and 11@11½c for Shoulders—now held higher. The stock of Bulk Meats is nearly exhausted. Sales of 200 casks Hams at 11½c for Sides at 11c; Shoulders are now held at 11c, 60 days. Lard continues to meet a limited inquiry, but prices are steadily maintained. Small sales of barrels at 15@15½c and 100 kegs at 16c. Butter is but little inquired after. Sales of Solid Packed at 14c ⅌ lb, cash. Nothing doing in Roll. Prices of Eggs and Cheese are unchanged.

BARK—There has been a fair inquiry for Quercitron Bark, and further sales of 65 hhds No 1 were made at $43 ⅌ ton. Supplies come forward slowly. In Tanners' Bark no change.

BEESWAX—Not much offering. Sales of yellow at 29@29½c, cash.

CANDLES—But little doing, and the sales have been only in small lots at 22@24c ⅌ lb, on time, for Adamantine, and 21c for Sperm.

COAL—The demand continues quite limited—a number of the Eastern dealers preferring to hold back until near the close of the season. The receipts and shipments are moderate, but prices remain without quotable change. Bituminous Coal is very dull, and prices entirely nominal.

COFFEE—There has been a fair inquiry, and the market is firm. The stock has been somewhat increased by an arrival of about 900 bags Marseville. Sales of 250 bags Rio at 11@11½c; some Laguayra at 12c, and Java at 14c ⅌ lb, on time.

COPPER—Is very dull. We quote English Sheathing at 32c, and Yellow Metal at 29@30c ⅌ lb, 6 mos.

COTTON—The market has been quite buoyant. The receipts and stock continue small, and holders have put up their prices 1c. Sales of 1000 bales—chiefly Uplands at 13½ 17c ⅌ lb, for middling and middling fair qualities.

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been more done in a few articles. Sales of 1 pipe Marks Sherry at 44 cts @ 1 000, ex ship, at our lowest quotation; 4,000 lbs Blue Vitriol at 11c; some Extract Safflower at 87,5½ ⅌ bottle; Dupont's Refined Saltpetre, in kegs, at 11½c; 3,000 lbs Crude Argols at 15½c, 6 mos, and 5 cases E I Castor Oil, on terms kept private.

FEATHERS—Are dull, and prices rather lower. A small lot of good Western sold at 55c ⅌ lb, on time.

FISH—But few Mackerel arrivies. The stock of No 1 and 2 is much reduced, and prices are firm, but of No 3s the market is well supplied, and prices are declining. The store rates are $22,50@23 ⅌ barrel, for large No 1s; $14,75 @15 for medium; $13,50 for medium No 2s; $9,50@10 for large, and $8,50@9 for medium No 3s. Prices of Herring and Codfish continue as last quoted, but with very limited sales.

FRUIT—The transactions have been to a fair extent. A cargo of Bahama Pine Apples sold at the landing at 25c @ 100. Two cargoes of Palermo Oranges and Lemons have been landing since our last notice, from which considerable sales have been effected from $3c to $3 per box as to quality for the former, and $12 for the latter; 100 lbs Southern Pea Nuts sold on terms not made public. In Domestic Fruit there has been very little doing. Green Apples are coming forward more freely, and sell from $1 to $2 ⅌ bbl.

GINSENG—Prices continue nominal for Crude and Cleaned.

GUANO—The demand continues limited, but prices are steady for all descriptions.

HEMP—Continues quiet and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—Have been in good request, and the tendency of prices is upwards. Sales of 3400 Matamoras and 1000 Tampico, to arrive, for a neighboring market, on terms not made public.

LEAD—Are held firmly, but there has been very little demand. Small sales of new crop Eastern and Western at 5½c ⅌ lb.

INDIGO—Prices are firm, but there has not been much inquiry. Sales of 31 ounces Bengal at $1,30@1,45 ⅌ lb, 6 mos.

IRON—The depression noted for some time past still continues, but prices of all kinds have undergone no change. The only sales reported are small lots of Pig Metal at $26a 27 ⅌ ton, 6 months, for No 1, and $25 for No 2. Scotch Pig commands $25, in small lots. Bars and Boiler Iron meet a steady inquiry.

LEAD—The stock of both Foreign and Domestic is very much reduced, and no sales have come under our notice.

LEATHER—There is a fair inquiry for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and prices are well maintained.

LUMBER—The receipts are moderate. There is a fair inquiry for Laths, with sales from $1,25 to 1,40 ⅌ M. A cargo of Carolina Flooring brought about $15,50 ⅌ M feet. Yellow Pine Sap Boards are dull, and have been sold to some extent at $9@15.

MOLASSES—The apathy which has characterized this article for a month past still continues, and prices are entirely nominal.

NAVAL STORES—But very little doing, and the sales of Rosin, Tar and Pitch have been only in small lots within the range of our former quotations. The demand for Spirits of Turpentine has been limited, and prices are barely maintained. Small sales at 40@41c, cash and 4 mos.

OILS—A small sale of Western Red Oil at 72c cash. Linseed Oil is in steady demand, and further sales have been made at 74@75c, cash. Lard Oil is dull at $1,16, 4 mos for No 1 Winter. For Fish Oils there has been very little inquiry.

PLASTER—There has been more inquiry, and prices have improved; a cargo of Soft sold at $3,25 ⅌ ton.

RICE—The demand has been moderate, and prices are well maintained. Sales of 300 casks at $5,37½@5,75, 4 mos—mostly at the former figure.

SALT—The market is well supplied, and prices are unchanged.

SPIRITUALISM—REVOLTING DOCTRINES.—The friends and advocates of modern Spiritualism held a convention at Ravenna, Ohio, on the 6th and 5th. Among the sayings and doings of Sunday, we find the following report in the Portsmouth Sentinel:

Sunday was a great day at the Fair Grounds. The weather being fine, a great number of persons were present. To attempt a report of the speeches, or the sentiments advocated by the several speakers, would be too great a task. Mr. Hellogg, of Newton Falls, was exceedingly desirous to have it understood that he believed nothing in the Bible; that it was all a lie, and that only knaves and fools would pay any attention to its commands. He believed reason and intelligence to be supreme, and was emphatically a "higher law" man. He said that if "Jesus Christ were on earth, and should utter anything contrary to his views of right, he would not believe Him any sooner than if the Devil had said the same thing." One of the speakers said he "would not exchange place with St. Paul, if he would give him heaven to boot." A Mr. Robinson said that he "could live just as well without God, as God could without him. He didn't thank God for anything."

At the close of the convention quite a discussion arose on the subject of Free Love. It was advocated with much warmth by several gentlemen and ladies. Mrs. Coan protested at length against the incorporation of that doctrine into the spiritual organization, and said that the Lord created one man for one woman, and one woman for one man, that they might live happily together, and concluded her remarks by saying that if such was a part and parcel of spiritualism, she wished to renounce it immediately. She was listened to with attention, and won golden opinions from the unbelievers. Mrs Lewis, of Cleveland, replied to her, by saying that loving whomsoever she chose was part of that freedom, and to confine her love to one man was an abridgement of her rights. She said that, "although she had one husband in Cleveland, she considered herself married to the whole human race. All men were her husbands, and she had an undying love for them." She said, also, that "what business is it to the world whether one man is the father of my children, or ten men are? I have the right to say who shall be the father of my offspring."

There seemed to be a contrariety of opinion on the subject, many rejecting the doctrine as loathsome, and others approving it.

MATRIMONIAL TRIBULATIONS. — From the Frankfort (Kentucky) Yeoman.—We received the following communication by mail from a neighboring village, with a request to publish it. We assure our readers of its genuineness, so far as we are posted, and call down the thunder of female vengeance on the reprobate Bill:

"This is designed to let all the world and the rest mankind know that William Parker, my husband, has left my bed and board without cause or provocation. Scarcely had the honeymoon passed before he sold my house and lot in Scott, near Stamping Ground, and took me to a wretched hut in a desolate place, in Franklin Hills, where he commenced collecting all that was due me, and selling all that I possessed; after selling my nigger woman and child, he left, and located in Lexington, where he is now romping with the gals, rigged from top to toe in broadcloth, bought with my nigger money, and left me destitute, forlorn and wretched.

"Said Old Bill Parker is about 65 years of age, low in stature, heavy built, round shouldered, baldheaded, makes a wretched attempt to be polite and agreeable, and a countenance sufficiently base to convict him to the penitentiary or gallows.

"Dear sir, you will do justice to right by publishing the above, and requesting the editors throughout Union to give it a place in their columns.

Oh, that his bed may be made of briers,
And his path beset with thorns,
And the balance of his days
Hunted by the Beast with seven heads and ten horns.
Celibacy has been a woful thing to me,
Or marrying is not what it is cracked up to be
I thought my pathway would be strewed with flowers and roses,
But the way old Bill has made me wretched is a sin to Moses.
And like a tree by the north wind shaken,
I'm retched, forlorn, sad and forsaken
July 12th, 1857. JANE PARKER"

HONORABLE JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.—"Irenæus," of the New York Observer, who is at present travelling at the South, was lately a guest at a dinner, in Lexington, Kentucky, where he met the Hon. John C. Breckinridge, Vice President of the United States. He thus describes his person, manners and public state:

Hon. John C. Breckinridge, Vice President of the United States, was one of the guests at the wedding—rough portraits of him, that stared everybody in face last fall, give but a poor likeness of this extraordinary man, who, at a youthful period of life unparalleled, has been called to preside over the most noble body of men in this country. His form is erect, and commanding, his countenance grave and thoughtful, his manners smooth and graceful, and his conversation indicates a sober, intelligent and thinking man. With a lovely and accomplished wife and eight children, he resides in a modest cottage, but one high, and deeply shaded with old trees, a little out of town. I could not but admire the simplicity of our republican institutions, when I saw that great people have come to this embowered cot to man to preside over its Senate, and perhaps to chair of State."

EXTRAORDINARY CONFLICT.—A letter from Pskow, in Russia, gives the following recital:

"The students and pupils of the colleges are obliged to salute the officers when they meet in the street. A student of the University of Kiew having by some oversight omitted to salute a General who was passing, the latter gave him several blows in the open street with his stick, and had him arrested by some soldiers. The student was set at liberty by order of the Governor of the town, but the whole body resolved to avenge the insult so offered to their comrade. Some days after the General was at the theatre, when several hundred of the young men entered the place, and one of them standing on a seat apologized to the audience for disturbing the representation, but said that the affair had taken place in public, the punishment must be so. They then seized the General, laid him with his face along a bench, and gave him a severe whipping. The students then left the house, after having asked pardon a second time for having disturbed the representation."

DETECTION BY ETHER OF A SHAM IDIOT.—The application of the process of etherization has just been resorted to in Belgium as a means of acquiring direct information. After a considerable robbery committed at Brussels in November last, two men named Lerch and Daubner were arrested and brought to trial. The former was condemned to hard labor for life; but in consequence of the latter pretending to be an idiotic, his trial, was postponed, in order that medical investigation should take place. It was impossible to get even a sign of intelligence from him. As it was, however, known that he was not dumb, and that he had spoken, when he said that he could speak no language but German, he was examined, and while laboring under the effect of the inhalation, he spoke perfectly and in French. He was in consequence, again brought before the tribunal, and condemned to ten years' hard labor.

PRECOCIOUS YOUTH.—Some time during last year, a young sprig of the law was admitted to the Suffolk bar. His father, a prudent old codger, gave him a hundred dollars to purchase a library of law, and told him that was all he could do for him at that time, but by industry, prudence and immediate payment of all sums that might be his, he had no doubt that he would get along. A few days after the old man dropped into John's office and handed fifteen dollars of the money he had given him, saying to pay it by twelve o'clock the next day.—"All right, dad," said John, "give me your memorandum." The next day at twelve, pa did not appear, but John immediately served a writ upon him, and put it in his house just as the old man was sitting down to dinner. That is what we call an instance of practice.—*Boston Traveller.*

A COMPLETE RETURN of the supplementary election show the election of eleven opposition men in all.

STRIKING PRESENTIMENT.—The Troy Whig states that the daughter of Governor Marcy spent the Fourth in that city. While all the others were in cheerful spirits, it was observed in the afternoon that Miss M. appeared depressed in mind. So obvious was this to her companions, that it was made the subject of remark, when she said her mind was unaccountably impressed with the fear that a signal calamity had overtaken some member of her family. Early in the afternoon the news of the death of Gov. Marcy reached the city, and it was known to the gentlemen composing the party in which Miss M. was, some time before it was communicated to her. While the gentlemen were in a room discussing the manner of conveying to the daughter the sad intelligence, and before she could by any means have received the least intimation of the event, she suddenly threw her handkerchief over her face, and evidently in deep grief retired alone up stairs. Such instances of presentiment are not of unusual occurrence, and they furnish an interesting subject of investigation. There must be a faculty or law of the human mind, as yet ill known, in which we may find an explanation of these mysterious presentiments.

A CARGO OF CATS.—A New York merchant recently sent for a cargo of Maltese cats from that celebrated island, per schooner Wm. E. Callis, of Nantucket, Capt. Smith. Fifty kittens were received on board the schooner as a part of the assorted cargo. On the voyage very rough weather was experienced. At first the cats attributed the rapid succession of gales to the comet, but one old sailor told the crew that it was nothing outside the vessel that occasioned the storm; that one cat was enough to send any ship to Davy Jones's locker, and, as they had fifty on board, not a man of them stood a chance of setting foot on dry land again. This was enough for the superstitious crew, and the cats were immediately demanded of the captain, given up, and drowned. By a singular coincidence, the storm thereupon abated. The owner of the cats has now sued the owners of the vessel for damages, laying the value of the cats at $50 apiece, or $2,500.

THE COMET.—At the sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, on the 6th ultimo, M. Verrier confirmed the details already given of the appearance of the new comet. It was noticed at the Paris Observatory on the night of the 23rd June, by M. Dien, but had been detected by a Berlin astronomer on the 22nd. Its position is in the constellation Perseus. From observations made by M. Yvon Villarceau, the orbit of the new celestial visitant has been calculated. It appears to be approaching the earth so rapidly that it will soon present a fine object to the naked eye. At present it is believed that it is not Charles the Fifth's comet, of which there has been so much talk, and destined to come into collision with the earth on the 13th of June last.

A WOMAN WITH TWO HUSBANDS.—A few days ago, a man returned to Lowell, Massachusetts, after a four years' absence in Australia, to find his wife married again, and her second marriage boasted with an infant. The Lowell Citizen says that the wife justifies her second marriage on the ground that she supposed her first husband to be dead; but, as he turns up again, she is inclined to go back to his arms. The second husband, unable to retain the woman, has taken possession of the babe, and intends to keep it.—The other parties have commenced, or are about to commence, legal proceedings for its recovery.

NEWS ITEMS.

POISONED WITH SHOE BLACKING.—The Savannah (Ga.) Republican has a letter from Mr. S. F. Dupon, stating that he had just lost "two prime little negroes" from eating blacking. One died in six hours, and the other in twenty-four, and the quantity eaten was not over a spoonful.

THE SIOUX INDIANS in Minnesota, to the number of 2,000, are in open hostility to the Government, and the settlers on the frontier are considerably alarmed. There are about 1,000 U. S. Troops, however, in Minnesota.

THE PAPERS continue to give examples of the remarkable fatality by lightning in all parts of the country. Near Utica, New York, three farmers were caught in a shower, with their pitchforks on their shoulders. Two of them threw theirs away. The third defiantly clung to his, carrying its points in the air. He was killed by a stroke of lightning, and his companions on either side were prostrated, but recovered. In Richmond, Va., on the same day, a negro girl, while cleaning knives, was struck dead by a bolt, and her knives scattered.

MILITARY GLORY.—During the Mexican war, a company (G) of 105 effective men was shipped from Detroit. The company was detailed for guard duty at Camp Degan, near Vera Cruz. Of these, 70 were cut off in the forty days before Vera Cruz. Five more perished afterwards. The small remnant of 30 returned from the campaign, and went into quarters at Detroit. Of these, 15 have since died—and of the 15 more living, not one is capable of doing hard labor.

GETTING IN HAY ON SUNDAY.—A week ago last Sunday, D. G. Sperry, proprietor of the hotel at South Windsor, Conn., had some hay out which had been once already wet by showers, and dried again.—There were signs of rain, and Mr. Sperry, in order to save his hay, turned out with his men and got it in.—For doing this, Mr. Clapp, a grand juror, had them all arrested, but the justice decided they had a perfect right to save their property on the Sabbath.

THE GREAT RAILROAD BRIDGE across the Ohio at Steubenville, and of the road thence across the "Pan-handle," at Pittsburg, is about to be completed, the Cincinnati papers say, by the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company, who have come forward with the means to enable it to be finished by the 1st of February next.

MAKING WOOD FIRE-PROOF.—Professor Rochelder, of Prague, has just discovered a new antiphlogistic material, which promises to become of importance. It is a liquid chemical composition, the secret of which is not yet divulged, which renders wood and other articles indestructible by fire. Several successful experiments have been made, and others are promised on a larger scale.

THE CAUSE OF DELIRIUM TREMENS.—Doctor Strate says that deliriums tremens is becoming much more unmanageable than formerly. He attributes this to the immense amount of strychnine used in the manufacture of whiskey at the present time. By using this poison, distillers get about fifty per cent. more liquor from a bushel of corn, than they formerly did. In Ohio the use of strychnine in the manufacture of whiskey has become so great, that the legislature, a short time since, had to pass a law, making the offence a crime punishable by two years' confinement in the penitentiary.

SATISFACTORY EVENT WAY.—The Earl of Mornington, recently deceased in London, having been accused of wasting his first wife's property, his solicitor comes out with a card, in which he states that Miss Long, the lady in question, had a fortune of *seven millions of dollars*, all secured in real estate investments. Mr. Wellesley—Long Pole Wellesley—did not, he avers, waste her property, for the very good reason that he could not. Her fortune was all secured to her, so that on her marriage the husband merely took a life interest, and his son inherits the same comfortable arrangement.

A HOME QUESTION.—The London Era, of July 5th, says that "Mr. McGurk, the *American* tenor singer and poet, appeared at the Town Hall, Belgrave, on Wednesday last."

Who is Mr. McGurk?

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—A correspondent of the London Medical Circular vouches for the relief he has experienced in the liberal use of lime (fresh lemon) juice, whilst laboring under the paroxysms of rheumatism. By repeated indulgence in the above simple acid, for the space of three days, avoiding all stimulating liquids, the most confirmed rheumatism will, he says, relax, and the tone of the muscular and nervous system will be restored to its usual character.

THE POEMS OF EDGAR ALLEN POE.—Among the good things coming, in the shape of rare and costly books, will be a magnificent edition of the poems of the late Edgar A. Poe. It will be brought out simultaneously here and in England, some time about the first of October, and will be illustrated by the best English and American artists. Among the latter we may mention Darley, who has drawn three of his best designs for it—one for the poem "Lenore," and two for "The Bells."

A LETTER was received in New Orleans, directed to "the biggest fool in New Orleans." The Postmaster was absent, and on his return, one of the young clerks in the office informed him of the receipt of the letter. "And what became of it?" inquired the Postmaster. "Why," replied the clerk, "I did not know who was the biggest fool in New Orleans, and so I *opened the letter myself*." "And what did you find in it?" inquired the Postmaster. "Why," replied the clerk, "nothing but the words, '*Thou art the man!*'"

☞ "Charles, love, won't you take me to the country, this summer?" "No, my pet, I can't afford it—times are dull; but we will have the Schuylkill water cut off, and the gas stopped, and sleep up in the little fourth story back room; that will be a good imitation of fashionable hotel life in the country."

☞ The hoop question, like most others, has two sides to it. The ladies take the inside of course.

☞ A Wisconsin editor says, that at Mazielta, Ohio, the French Minister, Count de Sartiges, was introduced as Count *Sausages*.

OXYGENATED BITTERS.—This medicine is a scientific remedy for Dyspepsia in all its forms. When taken according to directions, it gives immediate relief, and, in most cases, effects a permanent cure.

THE LADIES are particularly requested to give their attention to the following. If you are suffering with weakness or general debility of the system, HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS will not fail to cure you:

GERMANTOWN, Pa., March 20, 1857.

DR. C. M. JACKSON, Sir—It affords me great pleasure in speaking a word for your most excellent German Bitters. Being persuaded by a friend, about three months ago, to try your Bitters for a pain in the side, Dyspepsia, giddiness in the head, loss of appetite, general debility, &c., I purchased a bottle, and finding so much relief from it, I tried a second, and a third bottle with the same beneficial results as the former ones. I have tried almost every medicine, but none gave me so much relief as your German Bitters, and in justice to yourself, and for the good of persons afflicted with the above complaints, I take this plan of recommending them to all.

HANNAH WUNDER,
Wife of Alderman Wunder, Main Street, near Rittenhouse Street.

For sale by Druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States and Canadas at 75 cents per bottle.

A QUEER DOCUMENT.—It is related by Herodotus that Histiæus being detained a prisoner by Darius, and all correspondence interdicted, he shaved a man's head, wrote a despatch upon it, and kept the man out of sight till his hair was grown. The living letter was then sent, and the person to whom it was addressed, upon shaving the messenger's head, found inscribed upon it: "Buy all your garments at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut Street, above Sixth, Philada."

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, No. 59 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. GEORGE V. BOWERS, to Miss VIRGINIA CARPENTER, both of this city.

On the 23th ultimo, by the Rev. James Price, Mr. ROBERT MCBRIDE, to Miss LOUISA MORRISON, both of Pennsford.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. James McCaskie, Mr. ANDREW A. STEWART, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY K. PETERSON, of Atlantic county, N. J.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Anthony Atwood, Mr. FRANCIS ALBERTSON, to Miss AMANDA HOLLICK.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. McNenny, Mr. THOMAS KITCHEN, of Easton, to Miss ELLEN KILEY, of Philadelphia.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. P. J. Cox, Rev. WILLIAM A. DANFIELD, to Miss ELVIRA A. PANCOAST, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. William O. Johnstone, Mr. JOHN HAMILL, to Miss JANE YOUNG, both of Kensington.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, DENNIS F. DEALY, to ANNIE C. MCGUCKIN, both of this city.

On the 9th of April, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. THOMAS A. SERRILL, to Miss CAROLINE E. WILLIAMSON, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. S. Griffiths, Mr. JOHN J. SEIBERT, Esq. to Miss EMILIA M. KUMPF, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, Mr. JOHN SMITH, to Miss CATHARINE SMITH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by responsible name.

On the 27th ultimo, Miss JANE MOORE, aged 9 years.
On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE MCCLOSKEY, aged 60 years.
On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of John Mood, aged 47 years and 5 months.
On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. ALICE SCOTT, wife of Bartholomew W. Allen, aged 21 years.
On the 26th ultimo, RACHEL, daughter of Benj. and Elizabeth Jackson, aged 23 years.
On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH SEELHORST, aged 53 years.
On the 27th ultimo, A. J. JORDAN, aged 30 years.
On the 26th ultimo, PIERRE, wife of Jonathan Gillingham, aged 66 years.
On the 25th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM ROWLAND, Sr. aged 77 years.
On the 25th ultimo, SUSAN W. wife of Franklin Fell.
On the 27th ultimo, JOSEPH V. STOUT, aged 31 years.
On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. MARIA HOWES, aged 62 years.
On the 26th ultimo, SARAH PASY, aged 15 years.
On the 26th ultimo, ELIZABETH MACKEY, aged 58.
On the 26th ultimo, MARIA, wife of Frederick Klett, aged 61 years.
On the 26th ultimo, Miss MARY V. PRICE, aged 25.
On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. MARY WILEY, aged 48 years.
On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE MCCLOSKEY, aged 55 years.
On the 27th ultimo, HUGH DUNBAR, aged 58 years.
On the 25th ultimo, Mr. JAMES FORREST, aged 37.
On the 27th ultimo Mr. JOSHUA SPENCER, aged 40.
On the 27th ultimo, MARY DONNELLY, aged 21 years.
On the 26th ultimo, in Reading, Pa., Rev. JOHN N. HOFFMAN, aged 34 years.
On the 23th ultimo, Miss JANE DEMPSEY.
On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET RICE, aged 45.

PORTABLE
CIDER AND WINE MILL.
HICKOK'S PATENT IMPROVED.

The following may be adduced as the decided advantages of this Mill:

1st.—It will make more cider than any other press, with a given quantity of apples in a given time, and with much less labor and expense.

2d.—It will make cleaner and sweeter cider than any other Mill.

3d.—You can make the cider as you want it; and in quantities I can run gallon to barrels.

4th. With it you can press your Currants, Cherries, Grapes, Cheese, Butter, Lard and Tallow.

5th.—With its use, you can at all times have fresh and sweet cider.

This is an entirely new Mill. The frames are made of the best material, put together with joint bolts. The beam of the press is cast iron instead of wood. The power is much increased. A 37 wheel, 22 inches in diameter instead of 16, has been added. The cylinders are of iron and almost twice the length of the former ones. The form of the teeth has been changed; entirely new gearing has been constructed, and the upper cylinder geared down, so that in connection with the teeth or cylinders it shall grind much easier. The screw is two inches in diameter, with a heavy 1 V thread cut on it.

This Mill can be run by horse, steam, or hand power, and will make from 6 in 12 barrels of Cider per day. A boy 14 years of age can press the pomace with ease. Price $40. Warranted to give satisfaction. For sale by

D. LANDRETH & SON,
Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,
Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth St., side Agents.
1t Philadelphia.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU!!!
HELMBOLD'S Extract of Buchu cures Gravel.
HELMBOLD'S Extract of Buchu cures Diseases of the Bladder.
HELMBOLD'S Extract of Buchu cures Diseases of the Kidneys.
HELMBOLD'S Extract of Buchu cures Dropsy.
HELMBOLD'S Extract of Buchu for general Weakness.
HELMBOLD'S Extract of Buchu for all diseases arising from exposure.
HELMBOLD'S Extract of Buchu is taken by male and female.

JOY TO THE AFFLICTED!

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU.

For Nervous and Debilitated Sufferers, and removes all the systems, viz:—Loss of power, loss of memory, general weakness, dimness of vision, languor and universal lassitude of the muscular system, temporary suffusion, loss of sight, &c.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, (which this medicine invariably removes,) soon follow fatuity and epileptic fits. What can say that these excesses are not frequently followed by those direful diseases, Insanity and Consumption!

The records of Insane Asylums and the melancholy deaths by Consumption, bear ample witness of the truth of this assertion.

With woful measures, wan Despair,
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU gives
Health and vigor to the frame,
And bloom to the pallid cheek.

If you are suffering with any of the above distressing ailments, procure the remedy at once.

Evidence, of the most reliable and responsible character, open to the inspection of all.

Price, $1 per bottle, or six for $5, deliverable to any address.

Address Letters to H. T. HELMBOLD, No. 52 South 10th St., Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Beware of counterfeits. Ask for HELMBOLD'S. Take No Other. aug1-cowst

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements—One Dollar a line for every insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., New York.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FHDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
E. H. HUNT, 63 West Fourth St., Cincinnati.
S. B. ROSS, Cadiz ville, Ohio.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SIMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

JUST PUBLISHED,

CLIMATOLOGY OF THE UNITED STATES,

AND OF THE

TEMPERATE LATITUDES

OF THE

NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT.

Embracing a full comparison of those, with the Climatology of the Temperate Latitudes of Europe and Asia; with Isothermal and Rain Charts, Including a Summary of Meteorological Observations in the United States, condensed from recent Scientific and Official Publications. By Lorin Blodget, author of several Reports on American Climatology. One Volume (339 Pages), Imperial 8vo. Price $5, upon receipt of which, the work will be sent by mail, prepaid.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
aug8-3t PUBLISHERS, Philadelphia.

PORTER'S SPIRIT OF THE TIMES
GENERAL

PURCHASING AGENCY.

The constantly increasing demand upon us to execute commissions for the purchase of all kinds of articles, both for residents and non-residents of the city, has induced us to establish, in connection with our newspaper enterprise, a

PURCHASING BUREAU,

under the immediate supervision of one of our firm, assisted by the most accomplished experts,

FOR SUPPLYING ANY ARTICLE IN THE WORLD

Particular attention will be paid to the selection, purchase and sale of thorough-bred Cattle and Horse stock, Trained Dogs, Ferrets, and Fancy Fowls, Carriages, Buggy and Saddle Horses, Carriages, Harness and Saddles, Fine Watches, every description of Fire Arms, Sporting Articles, Fishing Rods and Tackle, Music and Musical Instruments, Yachts, Sail and Row Boats, Furniture, Fine Wines, Liquors and Segars; Cricket and Ball Bats, Pads, &c., &c., &c.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

the latest and most improved kinds: Seeds, Plants, Fruit, Forest and Shade Trees, and all kinds of Cooks treating on subjects of importance to the Farmer, Horticulturist and Florist.

STATE ROOMS ENGAGED IN ADVANCE,

on Steamers to leave for Europe, California, the West Indies, or any part of the world. This will obviate the necessity to non-residents of inland towns, and places where no steamer agencies exist, of coming to New York two or three weeks in advance—as they are now frequently required to do, either to obtain passage, or to secure eligible accommodations. In this department, we will be ready to secure

ROOMS AT HOTELS

at favorable rates, so as to protect the stranger from imposition as well as inconvenience; and in short to perform any description of commission that would ordinarily require the presence of the party himself.

Gentlemen who desire to form Libraries, or who may wish to procure the Choice Literature of the day, can always rely upon our judgment and selection. Also, Blank Books and Stationery, and Book and News Paper, for Printers.

FOR THE LADIES.

We will procure the Latest Fashion Plates, Styles of Bonnets, Samples of the Newest Varieties of Goods, Cosmetics, Perfumes and Fancy Articles, and we shall always be pleased to furnish everything connected with their wants.

In short for any services that may be required, the public may rely upon us with the most perfect confidence for fidelity and dispatch. Apply to

GEORGE WILKES & CO.,
Porter's Spirit of the Times,
348 Broadway, New York.

N. B.—Subscriptions for "PORTER'S SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," a Sporting, Literary, Agricultural, Family Weekly Newspaper, may be forwarded to the same direction. Terms, $3 a year.
July 18 1t

WANTED, AGENTS TO SELL STEEL PLATE ENGRAVINGS, including the beautifully illustrated engraving of the "LORD'S PRAYER and TEN COMMANDMENTS." An active person, with a small capital, can make $50 to $60 per month. For particulars address D. H. MULFORD,
aug8-4t No. 167 Broadway, N. Y.

DUKONDELL'S BOOK OF MYSTERIES, entitled "WORLD'S GREAT SECRETS: A Complete Masterpiece. It teaches all things. Mailed free to any person on receipt of $1. Address E. FIRMAN,
1t West Troy, N. Y.

$2,000—AGENTS WANTED, either LADIES or GENTLEMEN, in every town and county in the United States, to engage in a genteel business by which they can make from $1,500 to $2,000 a year. For particulars, address, enclosing a stamp,
1t S. A. DEWEY & CO., Box 151 Philadelphia, Pa

THE ORIENTAL HORSE CHARMER.—This valuable little work on the Horse, comprising the Arabian art of Taming the wildest horse or colt, will be sent to any part of the United States, on 25 cents—6 copies for $1. Address, C. J. ELDRIDGE,
aug 8-1eow Cincinnati, Ohio.

ANY PERSON WISHING TO BUY, SELL, OR EXCHANGE A FARM, will save time and money by writing particulars and enclosing stamp to FARM AGENCY, Cincinnati, Ohio. Aug 8-1eow

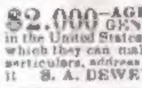
TO SALOON, INN-KEEPERS, GROCERS, and FAMILIES generally.—Over Fifty Practical Receipts for $1. Cider without apples; Pure Vinegar in three days; Excellent Honey; Washing Fluid; Inks; Pure Wine, Champagne; Ice Creams; Sodas, Extra Strong Beer, &c.
my23-14t A. WOOD, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

SAVING FUND of the NATIONAL SAFETY COMPANY, WALNUT Street, South-West corner of THIRD, PHILADELPHIA, has nearly ONE MILLION AND A HALF OF DOLLARS all in first class Securities. Interest Five Per Cent. Open every day, and on Monday and Thursday evenings till 9 o'clock. mh14 26

2,500 MORE BOOK AGENTS WANTED, to circulate RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, which attract by their low prices, interesting contents and Superbly Colored Plates. For full particulars apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 169 Nassau St., New York, if you live West, the same, 111 Main St., Cincinnati. mh15-tf

$100 WILL BE GIVEN TO THE PERSON accomplishing most, besides $3 a day profit. Send stamp to AGENCY, HARMONY, R. I. 1y25-4t

BOOK AGENTS WANTED, in every county of the United States. Liberal inducements will be offered to active, intelligent men.
Address J. L. GIHON, Publisher,
aug1-4t No. 409 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.



E. W. JACOBS,
295 Arch Street, Philadelphia,
has on hand a large assortment of Coaches and Carriages, of the latest London and Parisian design, also a variety of Light Carriages, of modern styles. feb28-6m

AGENTS WANTED, in the most inviting, pleasing permanent, and lucrative business, EVER. For particulars send stamp to "AGENCY, HARMONY, R. I."
jal3 1it

DR. W. S. McILHENNEY,
DENTIST,
Successor to Dr. J. E. McILHENNEY,
Would inform his friends that he has removed to No. 904 WALNUT Street, first door above Ninth, south side
jan15-tf

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

Thirty Years' Experience of an Old Nurse

WE SAY TO EVERY MOTHER, USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for your children teething. You may rely upon it, it will give rest to yourselves, and health, rest and comfort to your little ones. There is no mistake in the matter, as MILLIONS CAN NOW TESTIFY. It is the prescription of an old and experienced NEW ENGLAND NURSE, who has spent more than THIRTY YEARS of her life as a Physician and Nurse to CHILDREN.

It is sure to regulate the bowels and cure the DYSENTERY and DIARRHŒA in children, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause. We say again, DO NOT NEGLECT IT. Use the SOOTHING SYRUP—it is perfectly safe in ALL CASES, and POSITIVELY—YES—ABSOLUTELY SURE to give IMMEDIATE RELIEF to your suffering child.

Millions of bottles are sold every year in the United States. It is an old and well tried remedy.

PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

☞ None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

☞ Sold by Druggists throughout the world. my30-1m

ROBERT M. DE WITT would respectfully announce to the public, that he has at considerable expense purchased from CAPT. MAYNE REID, the advance sheets, and has made arrangements with him to publish in this country the author's edition of "THE WAR-TRAIL," and has

NOW READY,

THE WAR-TRAIL;

OR,

THE HUNT OF THE WILD HORSE:

A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIE,

BY

CAPT. MAYNE REID,

Author of "THE SCALP-HUNTERS, RIFLE RANGERS, WHITE CHIEF, HUNTER'S FEAST, QUADROON," &c.

Containing nearly 480 pages, handsomely bound, and embellished with original designs engraved in the highest style of the art by N. ORR, Esq.,

Price $1.25.

☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price, postage paid.

In presenting to the American Public another volume of these half-wild, half-civilized, half-hunter, half-military adventures, which the author relates in a style so peculiarly his own, it is scarcely necessary to urge any argument in its favor. MAYNE REID is so well known and so generally appreciated, that his books possess the *entree* into every circle—the public library, the bachelor's sanctum, the hunter's cabin and the lady's boudoir—all gratefully extend to the redoubtable Captain a welcome, as warm as it is sincere.

There is a charm pervading these books which is to be found in few others—and it lies in that off-hand, dashing style with which the author carries his reader along with him, through all sorts of perils, verging on the very brink of destruction, but invariably, by some happy chance, landing him safe on *terra firma*. Of course, this is easily affected in a novel, and is what every writer aims at; but, with most of them, the reader can never lose sight of the fact that he is *reading*, while in Mayne Reid's books the *narration* is so blended with the *action* that we lose our identity, as it were, and all our faculties are absorbed by the scene before us, until we feel as if we ourselves were the participants in the fight or foray he is describing.

"THE WAR-TRAIL" has been pronounced, by good judges, to be the best of the series, which is no small praise when we refer to the encomiums which the American press bestowed upon the "Scalp Hunters," "Rifle Rangers," "White Chief," &c., awarding to them a high position among works eminently instructive and deeply interesting.

We congratulate the author upon the success he has achieved, and have no doubt an appreciative public will cordially welcome this, his best production.

☞ Parties remitting $1.25 will receive a copy of "THE WAR-TRAIL" by return of mail, postage paid.

☞ Send all orders to the Publisher, ROBERT M. DE WITT,
160 & 162 Nassau Street, New York.

NO LIBRARY IS COMPLETE WITHOUT THEM.

The attention of the Public is called to the new and handsome Editions that we have just issued of CAPT. MAYNE REID'S former works, uniform with "THE WAR-TRAIL."

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID'S
SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN THE WEST AND SOUTH-WEST.

THE RIFLE RANGERS.
Beautifully Embellished with Eight Splendid Illustrations on Plate Paper.
Price $1.25.

THE SCALP HUNTERS;
OR,
Adventures Among the Trappers.
One Volume, 12mo., Eight Beautiful Illustrations, cloth.
Price $1.25.

THE QUADROON;
OR,
A Lover's Adventures in Louisiana.
Illustrated with Eight Elegant Engravings.
Price $1.25.

THE WHITE CHIEF;
A Legend of North Mexico.
One Volume, 12mo., Eight Elegant Illustrations, cloth.
Price $1.25.

THE HUNTER'S FEAST;
OR,
CONVERSATIONS AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.
Beautifully Illustrated with Eight Engravings.
By N. ORR.
Price $1.25.

THE WAR-TRAIL;
OR,
THE HUNT OF THE WILD HORSE.
One Volume, 12mo., Eight Beautiful Illustrations, cloth.
Price $1.25.

RANGERS AND REGULATORS OF THE TANAHA;
OR,
LIFE AMONG THE LAWLESS.
By JUDGE ARRINGTON.

Eight Beautiful Illustrations. Price $1.25.

☞ Copies of any of the above books mailed on receipt of price, postage paid.

Address all orders to the Publisher, ROBERT M. DE WITT,
160 & 162 Nassau Street, New York.

THE BEST BOOKS FOR AGENTS!

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—PLEASE TO READ THIS! AGENTS WANTED! Extra inducements for 1857.

All persons in want of employment will at once receive our CATALOGUE OF BOOKS for the New Year, prepaid, by forwarding us their address. Particular attention is requested to the liberal offers we make to all persons engaging in the sale of our LARGE TYPE QUARTO PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, with about ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS.

On receipt of the established price, Six Dollars, the Pictorial Family Bible, with a well bound Subscription Book, will be carefully boxed, and forwarded per express, at our risk and expense, to any central town or village in the United States, excepting those of California, Oregon and Texas.

Our books are sold only by canvassers, and well known to be the most salable. Please open a correspondence with us; and we shall take pleasure in forwarding to your address our General Circular of Books, terms, and full information relative to the business. Address

ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
nov29-tf 181 WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.

THIS AMERICAN INVENTION
STANDS UNRIVALLED,

both in this country and in Europe. It is worn by 1,200 persons, and with most astonishing success. In competition with thirty other substitutes of the best French, English and German manufacture, it received the award of the *Great Medal* at the *World's Exhibition in London*, as the *best artificial limb known*. In this country it has been thirty

Wit and Humor.

STRANGE, IF TRUE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

As a man was walking in his garden he discovered two clothes-horses. He took them into his stable where he soon broke them. He then put the yolk of an egg on their necks, attached them to a cart with the bonds of friendship, and covered them with sheet lightning to protect them from the flies. He then leaped into the cart, sat upon the seat of government, took the whip of a top in one hand, and the reigns of several kings in the other, and drove off, passing through the gait of a buffalo, over the ground coffee for three miles; but in crossing the track of a snail, he was run into by a train of thought, and dashed heels over head into a stream of eloquence where his cart was broken to pieces against the rock of a cradle. By industry and frugality he soon gained the shore, where he formed a boat of the bark of a prairie-wolf, which he fitted with a mast, made of the north pole, and two auction sales. He then sailed down the river to its mouth, and landed upon a tongue of land, where he was seized by a curious sensation and conveyed to a cell where he was secured by chain lightning fastened by a thunder-bolt. The jailor gave him his liberty for a Christmas present, and read to him the report of a cannon. He then went home, and gave his horses a basket of He g-oats and She-g-oats for dinner. Having thus taken care of his horses he retired to a chamber in his rifle, and soon fell asleep; but a mischievous fly kicked one of his hairs and killed him.

C. E. Y.

ISAAC PARTINGTON'S COMPOSITION.

At the recent examination, the compositions of the scholars were read, and among them the following, which displays considerable ingenuity on the part of the young gentleman composing it. His style exhibits some attempts at cultivation. His essay is rather extravagant in some of its details, and his deductions may not be all approved, but there is a little wholesome satire in it that may be amusing to some:

TOBACCO.

This is a great article of commerce, and forms one of our greatest social institutions. It enters into the domestic circle and drives away care, because the one who smokes in the domestic circle doesn't care a snap who likes it or not. It comes in different shapes—silver leaf, fine cut, cavendish and nigger head. This last has its name from the negroes in Virginia who get it up for the market. Tobacco was first introduced into England in the year 1600, and some say, by Sir Walter Raleigh, and the people didn't object to being introduced to it, though King James wrote something about it, intending to give it fits, but it became in everybody's mouth, and soon more "old soldiers" of tobacco were to be seen than there were in the army of England. Sir Walter Raleigh's appetite for the weed was afterwards impaired by having his head cut off. His memory has been puffed as a great benefactory to the human race that smokes. Tobacco, when rolled up into cigars, is a very agreeable preparation, and the mildest form in which it is used. Some people take it in snuff, by holding the snuff between the thumb and finger, and drawing it up into the nose. This is an exciting operation with elderly females, and it is interesting to watch its effects when the nose is fully charged and primed, before it sneezes off. Chewing and smoking belong only to men, and such boys as do it on the sly when the old folks isn't round. The essential oil of tobacco is said to be very dilatorious to human life. I don't know why it is essential that that there should be any oil about it, but the apothecaries will have it so. Tobacco is called a great leveller, especially when a fellow gets sick in trying to learn. Then it levels men flat enough. But it is called a leveller because a rich man doesn't feel above asking a poor chap for a light when his cigar is gone out—a beautiful and sublime instance of magnificent condescension! Tobacco may be, from this, put among the incentives to virtuous action, and a box of short-sixes becomes a missionary in the cause of civilization. It is estimated that over ten millions of cigars are smoked in Boston in a year, and that, if they were stretched one behind another, they would reach round the world three times! It is also said that if all the old chaws of tobacco should be put together at the end of a year, that they would make a pile bigger'n Mount Washington. The great invention of spittoons, which has done so much to fulfil human expectoration, is the offspring of tobacco, and gives a new claim of that delightful plant to our gratitude. It is a great help in agriculture, and its smoke is used to kill bugs on flowers, when boys can do a useful turn, and have fine fun in smoking, and nothing be said about it. Much more might be writ about tobacco, but I will conclude by just saying that it is a great pickpocket, and takes the money away from a fellow like sixty.

ISAAC PARTINGTON.

—*Boston Gazette.*

NOT VERY COMPLIMENTARY.—Chief Justice Tenterden, of England, was courteous in company, but rather stiff and formal in his manners, as if afraid of familiarity and requiring the protection of dignified station, which probably arose from the recollection of his low origin and of his boyish days. He would voluntarily refer to these among very intimate friends, but he became exceedingly uneasy when he apprehended any allusion to them in public. Once, however, he was complimented upon his rise under circumstances so extravagantly ludicrous that he joined in the general shout of laughter which the orator called forth. Sir Peter Laurie, the saddler, when Lord Mayor of London, gave a dinner, at the Mansion House, to the Judge, and, in proposing his health, observed in impassioned accents:—

"What a country is this we live in! In other parts of the world there is no chance, except for men of high birth and aristocratic connections; but here genius and industry are sure to be rewarded. See before you the examples of myself, the Chief Magistrate of the metropolis of this great empire, and the Chief Justice of England sitting on my right hand—both now in the highest offices in the State, and both sprung from the very dregs of the people!"—*Lord Campbell's Life of Lord Tenterden.*

ELDER FAWSIL ON THE "SPEERITS."

Ethan Spike, of Hornby, Maine, has written a letter to the Portland Transcript, describing the doings of the Elder in Hornby. We do not see how any one can resist the Elder's logic:

Elder Phine-as Fawsil preached agin it last Sabberday. It was a great soutbust of the Elder's, an' gin comfort to many. I do suppose that Elder Fawsil, when he's fairly waked up, is about as tough a customer as the divil ever wrassled with. I don't rasly spose he'd be a bit more afeered of Beelzebub, or even the Old Boy himself, than I should be of a yerlin colt. You orter hear him talk of the divil—jest as easy and familiyer as though he knew he'd got the critter under his thumb, an' was sartin he had bolt of him whar the hair was short. But I was goin to say suthin of this last sarmint of hisn.

The Elder had laid daoun seving pints and proved 'em all.

Fust—Speertooalism is the works of Satin.

Second—It's the tow jints, worked by odd force an' vitalized super carbonick electric fluid.

Third—(This pint I didn't get holt of egzactly, he not speakin very logibly—but it was ither Mesmerism or Mormonism, but it don't matter much, as which it was, he proved it.)

Fourth—Its Annymill Magnitudes.

Fifth—(This pint, nyther, I can't give verbunkum; but it was some kind of a bug—anounded suthin like Jewn-bug.)

Sixth—Ef it war speerits, they war evil speerits.

Seventh—Thar is no speerits, no how.

The discoarse was chock full of Scripter bearing on the sevral pints, an' hysterical facks—for he's just as larned as he can be, an' I do actooally blieve, ef by accident, (he wouldn't do it knowingly,) he should get any more into him, he'd bust right up! Why, he'd handle them great Greek and Latin words in sich a way that nobody can understand, just as easy as I kin say caow, or tater, or any other simple household word.

He said this sort of thing was nothin' new to him. Alluded to the Witch of Endor, an the hogs which got the divil into them. At this pint the Elder went off on a target about pork—said it was pis'n—that if the divil ever got aout of the pesky hogs he'd got in agin naow, in the shape of whiskey sweetened with strucknine. He then tuk up the meejums, an the way he made their feathers fly is a solemn warnin to all wrappers. Said thar want a second hand chaw of terbacker's difference atweem 'em an that ere Simeon Magog spoken of in Scripter. Then he struck aout into aboout the allmightiest pea-roarrashun ever heern in this subloonary spear. He actooally seemed to take the divil right up by the tail, an shake him like a cat would a mice. I beant much of a poick an don't run much to imagenation, but—I swan to man—I conject thought I could hear the old critter holler, as the Elder whanged and cuffed him aboout. Ef I war in his place, I'd think twice aboout it afore I'd go smellin raound agin within the Elder's reech."

WANTED TO SOAK SOME ROOTS.

It appeared best to the excise commissioners of the town of M———, of New York, to refuse license for the sale of intoxicating liquors to all persons save a doctor of known integrity and strong temperance principles, who promised not to sell except for medicinal or mechanical purposes. One Wheeler—an eccentric Irish cobbler—longed for a quiet drink, and with a sober air and smooth tongue, petitioned the doctor for a quart of gin.

"For what purpose do you wish it?" asked the doctor.

"Sure, doctor, I've been very bad for nearly ten days back, with a great goneness in my stomach, and not a haper of good can I get from anything in these turns but gin to soak some roots in."

"And do you tell me, upon your honor, Wheeler, that you only wish the gin to soak some roots in, and to be taken as medicine for a weak stomach?"

"Faith, as I live, doctor, I only want the gin to soak some roots."

The doctor, confident from his sallow appearance that the man was sick, and that a little tonic bitter would not harm him, filled his quart bottle, and received his pay. Wheeler, on reaching the sidewalk, fronted the doctor, who was still standing in the door, placed his thumb upon his nose, and made sundry gyrations with the fingers, while with the other hand he placed the bottle to his mouth, and took a long, invigorating guzzle of the gin.

"Stop!" cried the doctor; "you gave your word of honor that you only wanted gin to soak some roots, and here you are drinking yourself dead drunk."

"Faith, doctor, and I'm after telling you no lies. I wanted the gin to soak the roots of me tongue, which was so dry I could never swallow a mouthful of meat to strengthen my stomach."

A B'HOY AT SCHOOL.—One of the juveniles, though considerably advanced, not long since, got admission to a public school up town. He was shown to a seat, and in the course of the morning the master resolved to enter into a little examination of the youth's capacities and knowledge, prior to assigning him to a class. Calling the b'hoy to stand up he asked—

"Do you know anything of grammar?"

"I don't know anything else."

"Very well. Now attend—in the beginning God made the world; parse world.

All the b'hoy knew of grammar was what he had heard that very morning from the different classes reciting around him—but he had been taught that when he was fighting in the dark, he must strike straight out from the shoulder right and left, and it would be all right.

"Parse world!" he drawled out inquiringly so as to gain time.

"Yes! In the beginning God made the world—parse world."

"Wall, world is the biggest kind of a noun, masculine gender, all sorts of tenses, past, present and future, and"—slapping his hands down on the desk with a force that shook the building—"*It's governed* by Gon! Now fotch along your Sunday school scholars, old hoss, and see if they can beat that."

SCENE FROM A MELODRAMA OF PRIVATE LIFE.

Burglarious attack upon our artist's studio! Awful appearance of the model! Discomfiture of the banditti, and defeat of crime!

Agricultural.

BIG HEADS IN HORSES.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

We must all agree that a neat, light, deer-like head is a beauty in the horse, indicative, to a certain degree, that he will ride pleasantly and light in hand. Some persons go so far as to consider it almost borders on insuring goodness. "A good head" is one thing: a merely small head is quite another. No horses of their size have smaller heads than those superlative brutes of brutes we see in mourning-coaches. Who the breeders can be, or why such ill-shaped masses of animated flesh should be bred at all, is only to be accounted for by concluding the numbers employed in their particular vocation in this vast metropolis carries off all that (let us hope) are bred. The Belgian cart-horses have remarkably small heads comparatively with those indigenous to England, and smaller still comparatively with their enormous bodies. Most of the French post and diligence horses have smaller heads than ours; but they, though good animals, are by no means better, or I might say so good, as our own. Small ears, and those somewhat pricked (that is, very close together) at the points, are a marked feature in German horses. I do not remember that in my life I ever met with a very pricked-eared horse a good one; certainly not a race-horse or hunter.

Persons are apt to imagine a small head shows breeding, as indicative of an approach—or rather, in technical phrase, "a bark back"—to the Arabian blood from which thoroughbred horses usually spring. This is all quite correct, but it must be borne in mind that horses have a dam as well as a sire. The dam, granddam, or great-granddam, go back as far as you like, was in ninety-nine cases in a hundred purely English. From her the horse derives his peculiarities, as well as from the sire: consequently, suppose the dam happens to have a large head, and the sire one peculiarly Arab-like, the progeny is quite likely to show nothing in point of head of the ancestry from which he sprang. Therefore, though a deer-like head is taking, and even biasses opinion and predilection, a large head in no way indicates any want of breeding. We will instance the Belzonis: they were all remarkable for large heads. Here a large head was a proof of a horse being well bred, for it characterized him as being a Belzoni. No horse's stock was in greater demand or repute as hunters than were Belzoni's. We must admit this sire was not pre-eminent in his racing career. This says nothing: he was well bred enough to have been so, in spite of his big head.

Persons on seeing a horse with a large head are sometimes led to remark (if he is a riding-horse), "I should not like to carry that big head of his at the end of my bridle." No one would; but it by no means follows you would be required to do so, for probably he would carry it himself, and that just as lightly and pleasantly to the rider as the smallest head that could be seen. A horse carrying his head as we wish depends chiefly on three things—that head well put on, a nice yielding neck, and a good mouth. Let a horse have these recommendations, and be his head, in burlesque language, as big as a coal-scuttle, he will carry it with satisfaction to his rider; whereas, on the contrary, I have seen many horses with a beautiful small head and a nose that, technically speaking, you could "put in a quart-pot," that had no more mouth than the ordinary run of asses, and, moreover, could pull like a locomotive. Jockies will bear me out in this assertion.

I am quite free to admit a large head is a distasteful and unfortunate addition to the anatomy of the horse; so it is to that of the man; but it would be injudicious to irrevocably reject the one, as it would be illiberal to take a confirmed dislike to the other. Now countenance is a very different affair, in man or beast—but I am compelled to candidly confess that I never saw a countenance in man or horse that said, as plain as countenance can speak, "I mean harm," but I always found its owner keep his word. Let not the reader think me wild or visionary in my ideas as to countenance—I am quite assured he will find me right in a general way. There is something in a good head and good countenance in a horse that speaks volumes. A fine clear eye that looks directly at you, an indescribable goodness in the head, altogether very different from the suspicious and sinister look we see in some horses (and eke in some men), that puts you on your guard against them.

A very marked feature in some horses (I have observed it particularly in those of Ireland, who are not signalized for good temper) is a very flat forehead between the eyes. Nothing gives a more forbidding appearance to the countenance. I know not why it is, but such horses have usually small sinister looking eyes, with contracted brows; while, on the other hand, horses with full or projecting foreheads will be mostly found to have a generous, full, and fearless eye, that seems to court rather than evade scrutiny. Such should be the eye of man, seeming to say, Look into the recesses of my mind, you will find nothing there I am ashamed of. I love such a man, and I carry my predilection towards such a horse; though we must not infer in such case the mind has much or anything to do with the circumstance; but I cannot but feel assured the disposition has. Both were born with the animal. Kindness, determination, and treatment will go a long way to correct bad disposition and propensities in the animal. I fear, though we may correct or counteract bad habits in the man, we must not be so sanguine as to disposition.

Some horses have wicked roguish eyes that say plainly, I will play some roguish trick if I get a chance. We have only to guard against any pranks such animals may attempt to perform; these may be troublesome, or sometimes dangerous, but far different to those of the radically bad-disposed animal who, when we least expect it, makes serious reprisals for the period in which he has gained our confidence, in a disposition in which no confidence can with safety be placed.

I had one of these forbidding-countenanced ones. Had he been a man, and a murder had been committed, you would have been tempted to say, "That is the man who did it; or, at all events, his countenance indicates him capable of the act." So by this horse. I was tempted by his general good looks and action; but I did not like his countenance. I asked if he was good-tempered. His owner (I dare say with truth) said he had never seen anything to the contrary. I got him home, and for many weeks saw nothing I could find fault with. Still I remarked he always kept his eye, as it were, surreptitiously on the man attending him, as if making sure of his point ere he attempted mischief. I was quite sure he was at heart a savage. Some time after, when hunting, he put his two forefeet in a stone hole on the top of a bank. As he had come a good pace to the leap, the consequence was we both rolled over into the next field. He was up a second or so before me, and rushed at me open-mouthed; but, on getting on my legs he stopped. No doubt, had I remained prostrate, he would have *savaged* me. I never liked a bad countenance before this, but I then resolved I would never buy another; and I have kept my word. —*London Field.*

ANTS NOT INJURIOUS TO TREES.

Messrs. Editors of the Sat. Eve. Post:—In your valuable paper of Saturday last, there is a prescription recommended for the destruction of ants, under the impression that they are injurious to the shrubbery upon which they are so often found. My purpose in this communication is to correct a widely-spread error so injurious to a harmless insect, as a very superficial examination may convince any one that the destructive effects attribute to the ants, are due to the plant lice, many species of which are described by entomologists under the generic name of Aphis. These pests of the gardener gorge themselves upon the juices extracted from the tender extremities and leaves of the rose-bushes, peach trees, and plants of the cabbage tribe, &c. These juices are elaborated by a secretory process, into a honey-like fluid, and ejected from little tubes near the extremities of their bodies, to be immediately seized upon by the ants in waiting. The aphis possesses the power of yielding the sweet fluid at pleasure, to the solicitations of the ants, which for this purpose caress them with their antennæ.

In Doctor Thaddeus William Harris's excellent "Treatise on Insects Injurious to Vegetation," there is an amusing account of the operations of these insects, and an application recommended, which I have found effectual not only for the destruction of aphides of all kinds, but also of the slug, which preys upon the leaves of the pear and cherry trees. A mixture of whale oil, soap and water, in the proportion of two pounds of the former to fifteen gallons of the latter, is to be applied from the rose of a watering-can to the shrubbery—or to the trees by means of a garden syringe, to which is attached a contrivance for scattering the suds.

Let me here put in a word for one of the feathered tribe, the king-bird, (muscicapa tyrannus) upon which a cruel and unjust war has been waged time out of mind by the apiarian, from a mistaken belief that he is a destroyer of the working bee.

When residing in the country some thirty years ago, I had observed that these birds visited my hives at the season of the year when there were many drones on the wing, which induced me to suspect that their unerring instinct led them to select these queen's consorts of the hive as being larger and better fed, and destitute of arms (stings.)

My anticipations were fully realized by the inspection of the contents of the craw of one of these birds, which were much crushed in the capture and the passage to the stomach, but still the heads of the drones were easily distinguished; and in the extremities of their bodies, which were sufficiently entire for examination, not a sting was to be found.

It would therefore appear that these brave birds have been doing their murderers a kindness, by assisting the working bee in destroying these useless supernumeraries. H.

Lewistown, July 20, 1857.

WORK FOR AUGUST.

Destroy thistles; if they be cut off when in bloom, at about one inch above the surface of the ground, the hollow part of the stem receives water, and the roots will decay.

In selecting seeds choose only the most thrifty, so that your roots, &c., may be of an improved quality next year; by continuing such a course for a few years, any vegetable may be brought to a high state of perfection.

This is the proper season for making underdrains, draining swamps, &c., &c., and the earth taken from low deposits may be placed with advantage into your hog-pens, compost-heaps &c., &c. Weeds should now be removed to the hogpens, that the hogs may perform their share of labor in rooting them—throw into the hog-pen all potato tops, turf, ditch-scrapings, &c., &c., and occasionally a handful of whole corn, to obtain which the hogs will keep the whole mass of rubbish in continuous motion. On removing the contents of hog-pens to the compost-heap, mix one bushel of refuse salt to every cord, and this quantity will prevent those seeds from germinating which may not have been eaten by the hogs.

If the surface of your barn-yard is not so shaped as to save all the liquid drainage, you may consider that you have a hole in your pocket, or at least a waste which will prove equally destructive.

If your potatoes be dug early enough to spare five days before putting in turnips or other late crops, then top-dress the potato ground with six bushels of fine salt to the acre before re-seeding, and you will not be annoyed by grubs the next year, besides improving the general quality of the land.

Winter rye should be sown in the early part of September, and thus give time for the roots to become well established, so as not to be thrown out by frosts during winter. By sowing thus early it may be used as a spring fodder for cattle and sheep, if desired. Winter wheat should also be sown at the same date. Ruta baga turnips may be sown at any time in August, and even those sown late, often mature well in open seasons.

Strap-leaved red top turnips may be sown at any time, and even if too late to perfect, they will more than pay for the expense of seed and labor of sowing, by being ploughed in at the spring ploughing, for as most of their constituents are received from the atmosphere, the ground will be materially benefitted by such treatment. This kind of turnip often doubles in size during October or November, and if the winter be open, good crops are sometimes gathered which have been sown some weeks later than the usual season.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Keep plants well hoed and free from weeds, &c. Plough vacant ground for turnips, spinach, shallots, and other late crops, and after ploughing, cart on manure and plough them in deeply and thoroughly.

Sow cabbage seeds for collards. Earth up celery and cardoons, transplant endives and prepare to blanch early planting. Sow onion seed to stand the winter. Plant shallots by September 1st. Sow turnips as directed in former paragraph. Gather hops on dry days, and cure them properly. Hoe plants in rows frequently in dry weather, for in addition to keeping them free from weeds, these frequent hoeings enables the soil to collect moisture from the atmosphere much more rapidly than if left compact. Pull up early sown onions, and expose for ripening, drying, &c., removing useless parts, and turning them frequently, so that they may become thoroughly dried for keeping. Gather seeds as they ripen and place them in proper conditions for keeping. Plant beans for picklers early this month. Early kinds of cucumbers may still be planted for picklers. Sow Autumn lettuce. Peas may still be planted. Attend to gathering herbs; dry sage and other late herbs. Globe artichokes which are ripe, should be gathered before the leaves begin to open, and the stems should be broken down to encourage the growth of offsets from the root.

In the latter part of the month sow rape, cabbage, fetticus, cress, &c., every week for small salads. Sow cabbage, lettuce, &c., &c., to be pricked out in cold beds for winter protection and spring use, &c. Sow spinach for winter and spring use, &c. Manure grounds intended for spring gardening, especially where bone-dust and other slowly decomposable materials are intended to be used.

FRUIT GARDEN AND ORCHARD.—Strawberry beds may still be made, if not done last month. Budding should now be attended to. Old stumps which have sprouted and are intended for removal, should be trimmed off at this time, and they will not sprout again. See directions for last month.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Tie up dahlias to proper stakes as supports. Flowers in pots intended to be kept in frames during winter, should have a top dressing and a general preparation for winter quarters, by tying up, &c.

The carnation and pink layers that were lifted and potted last month, should be brought from the shade as soon as they begin to grow, and those that are not lifted, have them done forthwith, that they may be rooted afresh before the frost sets in. All wall flowers and stocks should be lifted late in September, and planted in five to seven inch pots, and treated as directed for carnation layers last month, until they begin to grow, when they must be fully exposed.—*Working Farmer.*

The Riddler.

PHILOSOPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ALPHA.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 1, 21, 19, 10, 5, 15, possesses the power of attraction.

My 2, 22, 15, 13, 14, 4, is the science which treats of light.

My 3, 2, 8, 13, 10, is a juice extracted from the pine tree.

My 4, 14, 17, 5, 3, 2, 15, 13, 14, 21, is a part of the eye.

My 5, 8, 20, 15, 23, is one of the planets.

My 8, 22, 23, 11, 20, 18, is a body of which the centre is at the same distance from every part of the circumference.

My 7, 8, 20, 6, is one of the planets.

My 8, 1, 21, 17, 19, 8, 7, is a mixture of metals.

My 9, 17, 18, 4, 6, is a transparent substance.

My 10, 12, 15, 20, 16, is a crystalline substance.

My 11, 22, 23, 8, is a Hebrew measure.

My 12, 5, 10, 15, 21, 14, 17, 11, is an organ of certain insects with which they feel or move.

My 13, 10, 5, 3, 15, 13, 8, is an essential property of matter.

My 14, 17, 8, 3, 13, 10, 5, 12, is a musical instrument.

My 15, 11, 12, 20, 8, 19, 9, 10, is a figure of four angles.

My 16, 14, 23, 2, is a sound reflected from some object.

My 17, 8, 10, 14, 5, 15, is a surgical instrument.

My 18, 22, 23, 11, 1, 5, 3, 8, is an insect that lives only one day.

My 19, 11, 17, 8, 15, 13, 10, is a concrete animal substance.

My 20, 16, 15, 12, 10, 21, is a part of the eye.

My 21, 12, 15, 3, 8, 14, 12, 13, 2, 10, is an essential property of matter.

My 22, 16, 20, 13, 7, 11, 15, 5, 20, is the limits of a figure.

My 23, 5, 22, 12, 8, 19, 2, 10, is a figure of seven sides.

My whole is a valuable invention.

Pequea, Pa.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY GEO. W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 20, 7, 8, 24, was the mother of Mercury.

My 7, 3, 7, 19, 21, 22, 12, was the mother of Hercules.

My 24, 3, 2, 17, 25, 27, was one of the Furies.

My 7, 5, 14, 3, 3, 27, was a son of Jupiter and Latona.

My 23, 20, 11, 13, 10, was the mother of Venus

My 9, 16, 19, 10, 3, 16, was the mother of Bacchus.

My 4, 3, 18, 15, 24, was the goddess of Flowers.

My 27, 5, 9, was the goddess of Plenty.

My 5, 21, 23, was the god of the Woods.

My 11, 6, 8, 1, was the goddess of the Rainbow.

My 4, 7, 25, 10, 9, were three goddesses who presided over the destiny of mortals.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 19, 6, 17, is one of the many animals that inhabit the globe.

My 1, 11, 7, is a Yankee phrase.

My 14, 15, 7, 13, is often seen on doors.

My 1, 13, 5, 18, 11, 3, is a foreigner.

My 1, 4, 17, 2, 10, 16, 7, is in all armies.

My 8, 9, 5, 18, 3, 13, is mentioned in the Bible.

My 4, 11, 6, is a point of time.

My 1, 10, 13, 2, 12, is used in sickness.

My 9, 15, 7, 16, 6, 17, is a sovereign.

My 9, 4, 18, 5, is the name of a publisher.

My 17, 6, 18, 12, is something that all have.

My 3, 2, 11, 5, is not far off.

My 9, 15, 3, is man's benefaction.

My 5, 12, 6, 10, is not in front

My whole is the name of an American general who was renowned for a daring feat.

"ROLAND FOIS."

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One night when Jonathan sat down to sup,
As he was drinking down his second cup—
He said unto his wife, "Solve me this riddle clear,
And I will buy you a new bonnet, dear.

That *thing upon your head*—the *food upon that p*
When added both together, nice and straight,
Will name a *motive which oft governs you*,
Though I am doubtful if *you'll think it's true*."

The wife was much perplexed—she conn'd it o'er
And tried to guess till she was puzzled sore.
Said she, "I give it up, though I have guessed a host:
I'll leave it to the puzzlers of *our weekly* Post."

So, as *she* was so generous,—so will *I*
Leave it to *you*; now sit you down and try
To solve it, (for to think will calm you,)
And much oblige your most obedient,

GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If you travel along the road,
My first you'll chance to meet;
My second you can always find
In every busy street.
My whole is a habitation
Found upon a plantation.

ALPHA.

Pequea, Pa.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Anna Ott.
2. Mad-bee.
3. A-gust.
4. U-sky-and.
5. A-man.
6. Rough-for-lamb-head

CINROS

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

James invests some money in a profitable business which yields unto him annually one-third of profit; but he yearly spent some of his increase, each year alike. The remainder he always added to his stock, and got one-third increase thereof for the ensuing year. At the end of the fifth year it is found that he has $904 6-81 less than if he had spent nothing. What sum did he spend yearly?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why ought a man to be very sharp whose business is to demolish houses? Ans.—Because he is razer. (Razor)

☞ What are the two smallest insects mentioned in Scripture? Ans.—The widow's mite and the wicked flea. ("The wicked *flee*").

☞ When is a den like a certain poet? Ans. When it is a dry den of course. (Dryden)

☞ Why is a kingdom in Africa like a rude hut Ans.—Because it's Ashantee. (A shanty)

☞ Why is a juggler like an omnibus driver? Ans.—Because he takes the people in.

☞ Why does one of the contributors to the "Riddler" in the Post resemble a bird? Ans.—Because he is A. Martin.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Stromboli, the Light House of the Mediterranean. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Pennsylvania the Keystone of the Union. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger. CHARADE.—Bedford. CHARADE.—See-saw DLE.—Poetry. ANAGRAMS.—Incendiaries—Ineligible—Mischief-maker—Flowerfulness—Benefactor Management—Funeral—Characteristics—Conventional—Consideration. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—Thy age 28; mine 19.